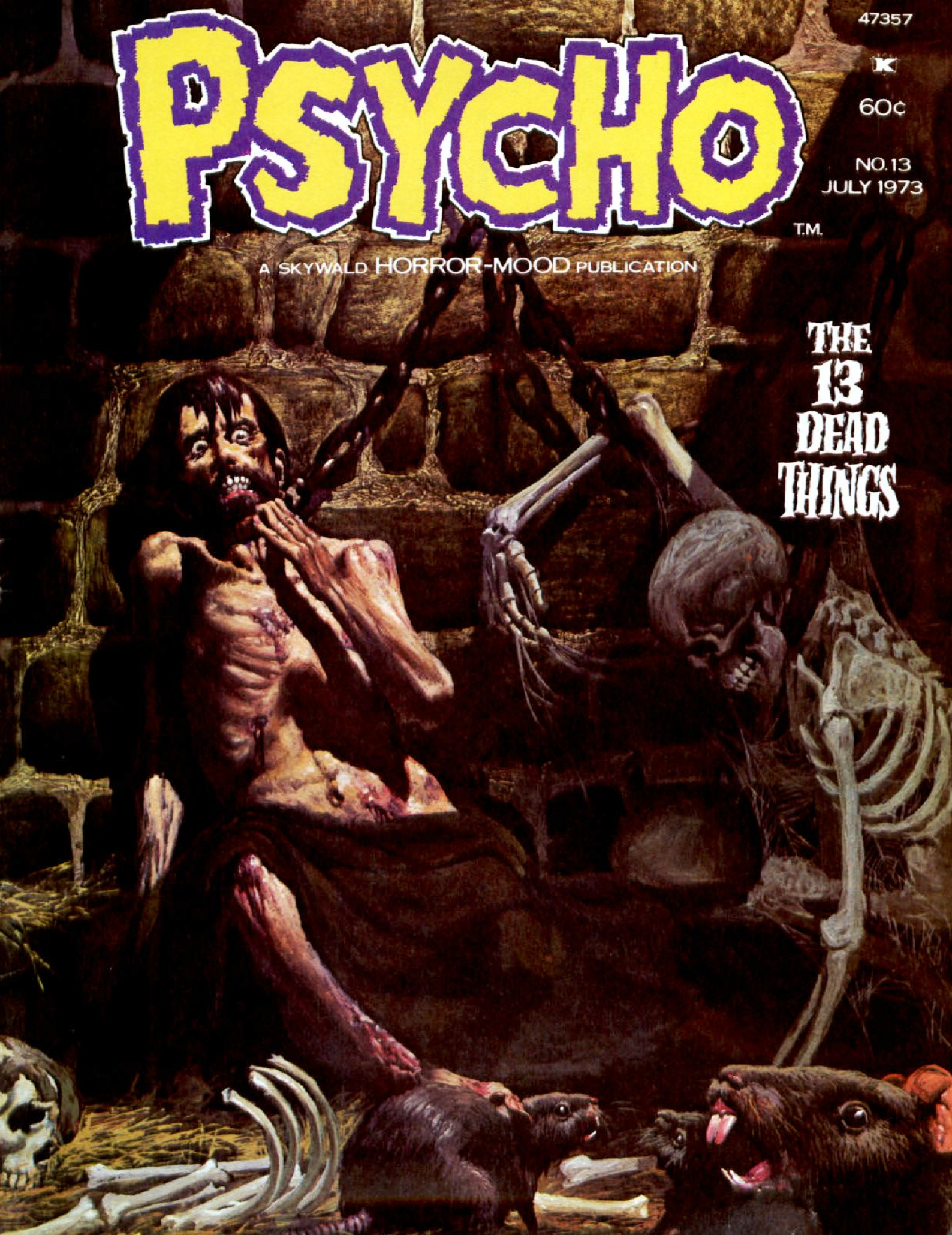
PSYCHO
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NO. 13
JULY 1973
T.M.
A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION
THE 13 DEAD THINGS

...HORROR IS A WEIRD WORD THAT CONFUSES AS IT TEASES... FOR IT MEANS MANY THINGS... AND MANY THINGS MEAN HORROR... IT IS A WORD SLIGHTLY BEYOND DEFINITION, FOR HORROR IS PEOPLE AND EMOTION AND EXPRESSION,

PROLOGUE TO HORROR

...HORROR IS PEOPLE... VAMPIRES.. WEREWOLVES ...CORPSES... OBSCURE MONSTERS...

...BUT IN EFFECT... IT IS YOU... AFRAID OF WHAT SUCH BEASTS AND FIENDS MIGHT DO TO YOU...

...HORROR IS EMOTION, THEREFORE... THE UNNAMEABLE, INDESCRIBABLE FEAR THAT OVERCOMES YOU WHEN YOU ARE PRESENTED WITH SOMETHING YOU CAN NEITHER UNDERSTAND NOR ACCEPT IN YOUR MIND... WHICH IS WHY HORROR IS INCURABLY LINKED TO MADNESS AND LUNACY...

...HORROR IS AN EXPRESSION OF INNER KNOWLEDGE BURIED AT THE BACK OF YOUR BRAIN... FOR YOU KNOW... THAT FIENDS, MONSTERS, AND YOUR FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN ARE SECONDARY HORRORS...

...THE REAL HORROR IS YOU... AND THE UNBRIDLED, BRUTAL ALTER-EGO MADMAN INSIDE YOU WHO IS CAPABLE OF HORRORS FAR MORE EVIL THAN THE WORLD NOW KNOWS...

WHH

...WHAT IS HORROR?... YOU ARE!

– PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

– CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST SEGRELLES

RICH BUCKLER MAELO CINTRON ED FEDORY
DOMINGO AUGUSTINE FUNNELL MIKE KALUTA
PABLO MARCOS MCNAUGHTON DOUG MOENCH
DEL A ROSA RUBIO SOSTRES' VILANOVA

– EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON –

PSYCHO

MONSTER, MONSTER IN THE GRAVE!

PROLOGUE TO HORROR

THE TASTE OF CARRION

...when dies a lunatic... ...so dies a HEAP

LET'S ALL DRINK TO THE DEATH OF A CLOWN

SCREAM SCREEN SCENE: THE MUMMY

THE DAY THAT SATAN DIED

THE HORROR WITHIN AND WITHOUT...

...welcome...
...to the special
Wretched
13th
Issue...

...wherein we shall all Drink to the Death of a Clown, witness the Death of a Heap... cry Monster Monster in the Grave, and bury the 13 Dead Things...

...this is the...

Psycho in the Tomb...

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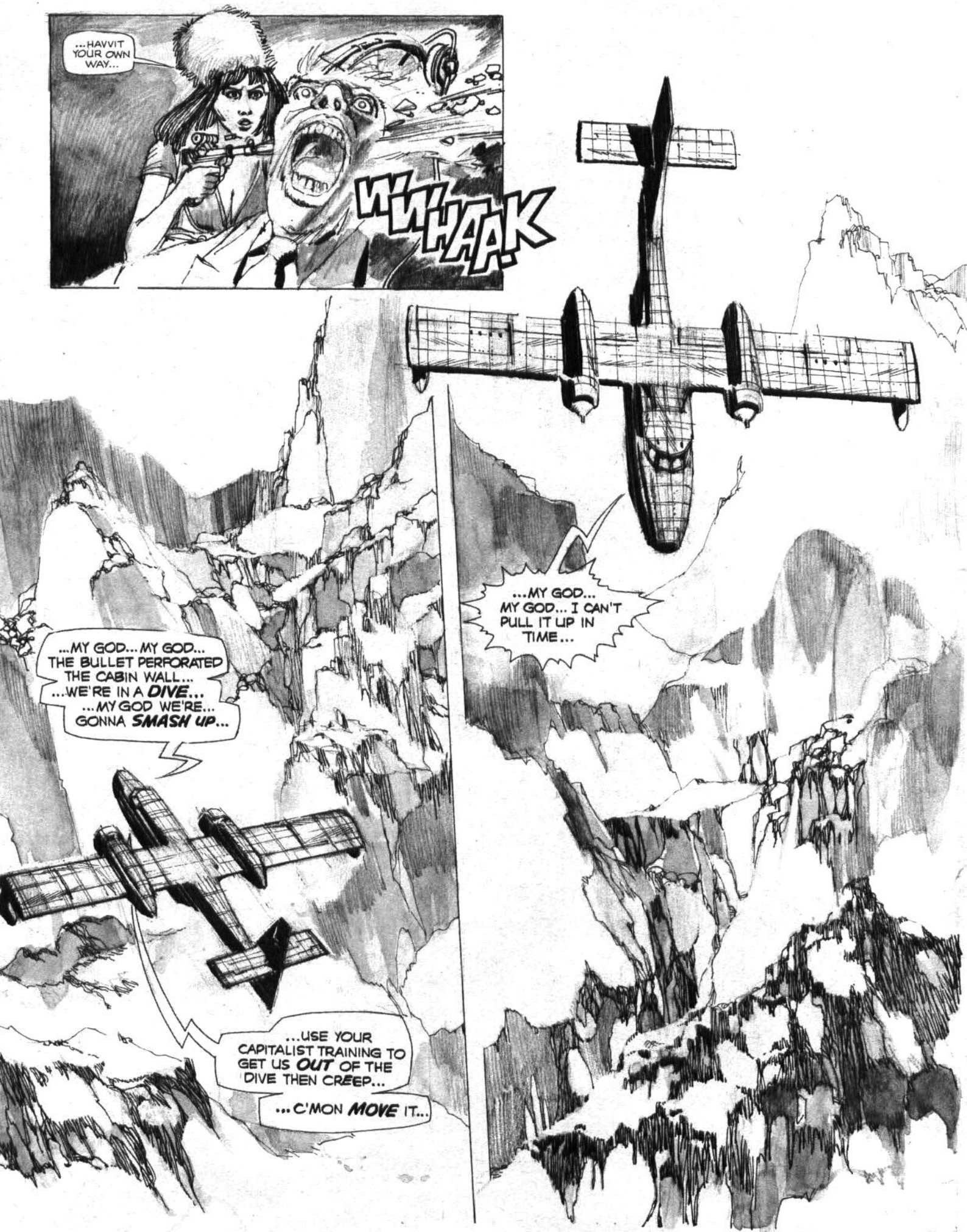
GOOD EVENING LADY AND GENTLEMEN... WELCOME TO FIRST CLASS PRIVATE FLIGHT 602 FROM TOKYO TO CALCUTTA... I AM YOUR CAPTAIN... JACK BOIVIN...
...WOULD YOU CARE TO INTRODUCE YOURSELVES?...
...I'M HERBERT MARCEL ... I GO TO PHOTOGRAPH THE HIMALAYAS FOR MY PUBLISHER... PILOTE MAGAZINE IN FRANCE...
...I AM... BOB DUFOS... I RETURN TO MY HIMALAYAN HOMELAND...
...GOOD LORD...
...I... AM PATTI THEETGE... I GO TO CALCUTTA TO BE RE-UNITED AND MARRIED TO MY FIANCE WHO IS STUDYING AT THE UNIVERSITY...
...AH... CAPTAIN... DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS JACK..?
HI... JACK!

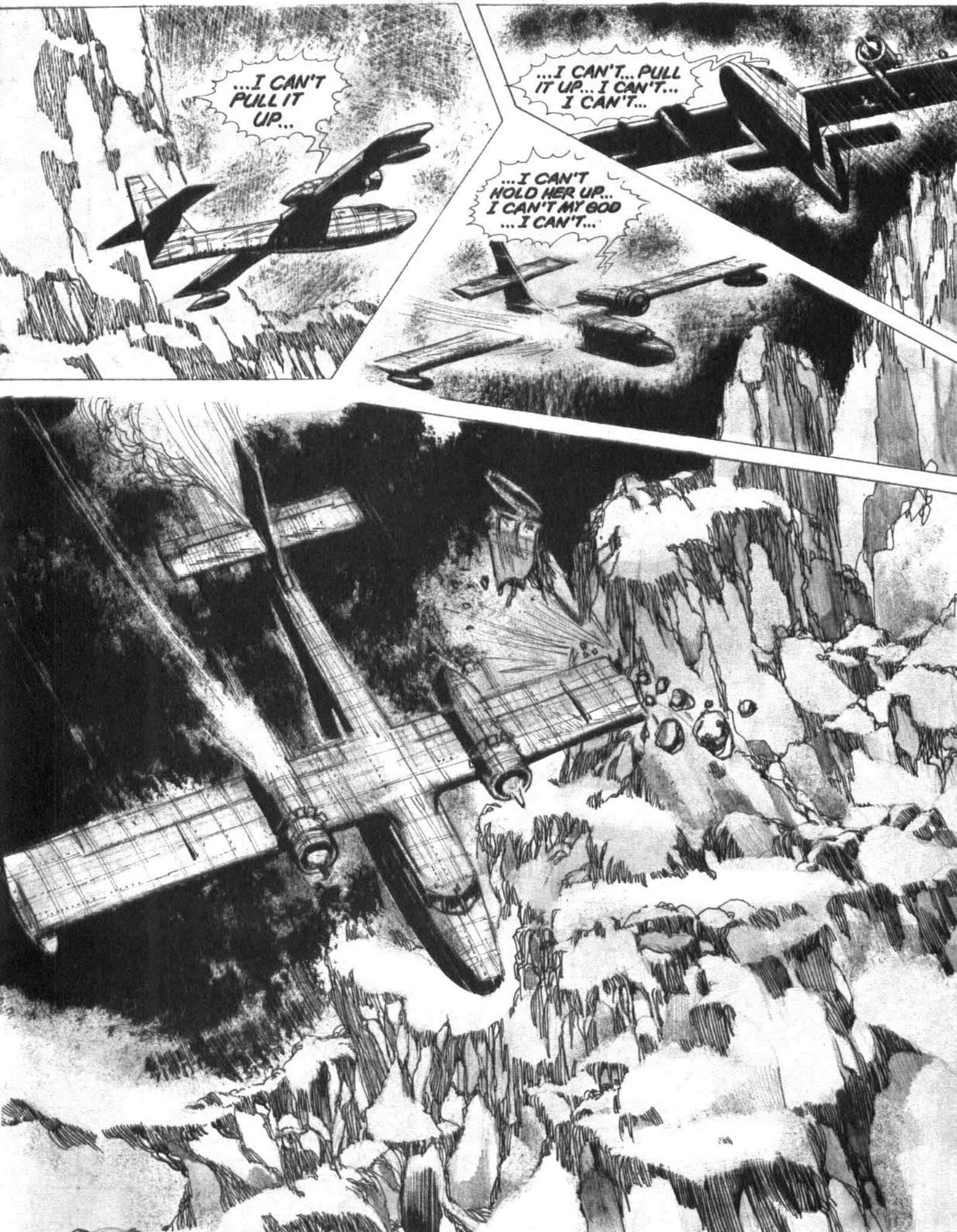
THE DAY THAT SATAN DIED

WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED
DELA ROSA

GET IN TO THE COCKPIT YOU CAPITALIST CREEP...
...AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
...WHAT'S UP JACK?... YOU WEREN'T BACK THERE VERY LONG!...
...SHUTTUP CREEP...
...WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?...
...WHERE ARE WE?...
...YOU MIGHT AS WELL LADY... IF I DITCH THIS PLANE HERE WE'LL BE DEAD ANYWAY...
...OVER THE... HIMALAYAS...
...WHAT... ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
...DITCH?... DITCH OVER THE HIMALAYAS?
...DITCH...
DITCH IT YOU CAPITALIST CRETIN OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OF!


...HAVVIT YOUR OWN WAY...
WHAK
...MY GOD... MY GOD... I CAN'T PULL IT UP IN TIME...
...MY GOD... MY GOD... THE BULLET PERFORATED THE CABIN WALL... ...WE'RE IN A DIVE... ...MY GOD WE'RE... GONNA SMASH UP...
...USE YOUR CAPITALIST TRAINING TO GET US OUT OF THE DIVE THEN CREEP...
...C'MON MOVE IT...


...I CAN'T PULL IT UP...
...I CAN'T... PULL IT UP... I CAN'T... I CAN'T...
...I CAN'T HOLD HER UP... I CAN'T MY GOD ...I CAN'T...

...OH GOD...
...WHY?...
...FOR GOD'S SAKE WHY WOMAN?...
...I...HAD NO CHOICE...I'M SORRY...

...I HAD...NO CHOICE...
...LONG AGO... WHEN I WAS DYING... A DYING QUEEN ...I MADE A DEAL WITH SATAN... YOUTH AND BEAUTY FOR... MANY LONG YEARS... IN EXCHANGE FOR MY SOUL...
...NOW MY TIME IS UP... BUT... IF I CAN REPLACE MY SOUL WITH THE PROMISE OF ANOTHER... THEN I WILL REMAIN AS... I AM FOR ANOTHER 300 YEARS...
GOD LORD!
...I MADE THAT PLANE CRASH SO WE'D BE TRAPPED HERE... ...DOOMED TO A FROZEN DEATH... YOU HAVE A CHOICE... GENTLEMEN... ...BARGAIN YOUR SOULS FOR FREEDOM FROM THIS FROZEN-HELL AND LIVE... ...OR... ...SAY NOTHING... AND FREEZE TO DEATH!
...HAH HAH HAH...
...HAH HAH...
...HAH HAH... HAH HAH...

...HE WAS AN... ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN...
...AND... MARCEL WAS A VAMPIRE...
...THEN... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT CAPTAIN BOIVIN... MY PLAN HAS FAILED...
...FAILED BECAUSE OF CIRCUMSTANCES TOO MACABRE TO BE BELIEVABLE...
...BUT... YOU STILL HAVE YOUR CHOICE TO MAKE...
...NO... I DON'T THINK SO MISS THEETGE... I... AM YOUR END, NOT YOUR DELIVERANCE...
...I AM... SATAN...
...AND SINCE YOU HAVE... FAILED MISS THEETGE... I NOW...
...COLLECT MY PAYMENT...
...AH, BUT OUR TALE IS NOT OVER YET, JACK BOIVIN... ALIAS SATHANAS...
... Only VAMPIRES are in the ALL-VAMPIRE issue ...

...YOU... ARE SATAN?..
...YOU ARE THE FIEND WHO MADE ME LIKE THIS... AN UNHOLY, UNGODLY SAVAGE?..
... YOU ARE THE BEAST WHO MADE ME INTO A BEAST... AN OUTCAST TO ALL BUT A FEW OF MY OWN WRETCHED KIND?..
...YOU ARE THE BEAST...
...YOU MUST DIE...
...AND IF YOU CAN'T BE MADE TO DIE SATAN WE'LL GIVE YOU THE BEATING OF YOUR INSANE LIFE!
BY GOD...WE'LL BEAT YOU 'TILL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT...
...THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF IT.

. . . have you WRITTEN to us recently? If you have your part n' parcel of this little mess we call:

...THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES OF WRETCHED LETTERS AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

". . . I remember finding myself in a hospital . . . I can't tell what hospital I was in . . . all I know is it was TERRIBLE . . .

. . . no one was around . . . but I could hear mind-twisting screams . . . I tried walking . . . tried shutting out the screaming in my brain . . . then I saw the HORROR . . .

. . . it was all I could do to keep on walking . . . walking . . . then through my fear I heard two VOICES . . . I tried to SCREAM but my voice was lost and nothing came out save a WHIMPER . . . I walked to the door and threw it open . . . the two figures had no faces . . . blood dripped from their hands and coats . . . I froze

. . . bodies . . . butchered bodies all about . . . once they were human . . . now they were just BITS filling the halls of the hospital . . .

. . . I wanted to run but I couldn't . . .

. . . who or what did . . . this thing . . . I have no idea . . .

. . . I wanted to scream but could not . . . I wanted to run but could not . . .

. . . the things raised their arms to reveal gleaming knives poised ready to strike me . . . behind me the door snapped and locked . . . they plunged the knives into my arms . . . my blood poured out and down my arm . . . again they struck, now

. . . this . .

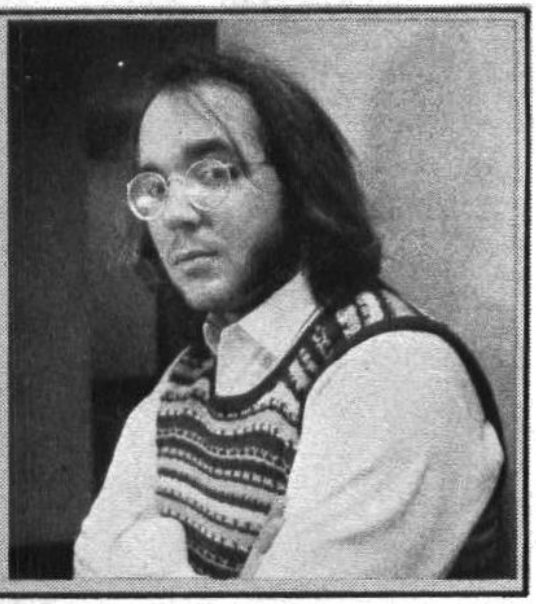
. . . is MACABRE MAELO CINTRON . . .

. . . Maelo is the co-creator (with Archaic Al) of the most original horror characters this medium has ever produced . . . THE HUMAN GARGOYLES . . ,

. . . since making his debut in NIGHTMARE #9 with THE ZOO FOR THE BEASTS OF THE UNIVERSE, Maelo has produced masterpiece after masterpiece . . . including: PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES (in PSYCHO #10) and THE COMIC-MACABRE (scheduled for SCREAM #1) . . . the reaction from readers about Macabre Maelo is best summed up in this note from a Mr. E. A. Poe of Boston, Massachusetts: " . . . arg . . ."!

. . . another reader, a Mr. H. P. Lovecraft, who is giving a course in horror at Miskatonic University, wrote in to ask if Maelo would care to drop by his class one day and give a lecture . . .

. . . unfortunately this is impossible as Macabre Maelo has . . . err . . . a certain rare SKIN DISEASE and . . . choke . . . does not go out in the DAYLIGHT . . . if he did his skin would turn to STONE . . .



"Nightmare" selling well

Gananoque's ghoulist writer has first story published

. . . what happens to 'everybody's favorite unknown writer' when his first story is published? . .

. . . that's what (Awkward) Augustine Funnell is finding out right about now . . . for one thing, the local newspaper sends out a reporter to write up a human interest story calling you 'a local Edgar Allan Poe' . . . and then there's all your friends and family who rush out and buy every copy of your story they can find . . . and there's fringe benefits too . . . like when you call yourself a 'horror writer' you can PROVE IT . . . and you've got MONEY in your pocket to buy extravagant self-indulgences like: . . . a pencil . . . a stapler . . . a new eraser . . .

. . . "everybody's favorite unknown writer" Gus Funnell isn't unknown anymore . . . his first Skywald tale (and his first published story) was in NIGHTMARE #12 . . . MONSTER MONSTER ON THE WALL . . . his second tale is in this issue: MONSTER MONSTER IN THE GRAVE . . . in future issues watch for many more tales of the macabre from the mood-team's newest member . . .

EDITORIAL NOTE...*READERS WILL NOTE THAT THE COVER STORY* **THE 13 DEAD THINGS,** *DOES NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. THIS IS DUE TO A LAST MINUTE DELAY IN THE ARTWORK, HOWEVER, THIS EXCELLENT STORY WILL APPEAR IN A FUTURE ISSUE...THANK YOU...*

at my neck . . . again . . . and again . . . killing me . . .

. . . it was a dream of course . . . a nightmare . . . one that recurs . . . again and again . . . WHY? . . . Someone tell me WHY? . . .

. . . perhaps another reader might have an answer for this NIGHTMARE WORLD Riddle

VINCENT ETZWILER
Fremont, Ohio

. . . TAMMY WATSON writes: "who takes all those great photographs for the letters pages of the mood-team" . . . none other than Skywald's own archaic staff photographer, Archaic Al, who once-upon-a-time was a well-known newspaper photographer . . .

. . . "what's the MOOD-TEAM working on these days", writes JESS NOMAD of Corpus Christi, Texas. ". . . well, we're working on SCREAM mainly . . . the newest and bestest from the lunatic talents of Cintron, Sostres, Gual, Segrelles, Marcos and . . . just about EVERYBODY on the MOOD-TEAM who's ever wanted to let loose with the GREATEST ART POSSIBLE . . . it's a magazine of creative FREEDOM and it SHOWS . . . on sale June 25 . . . miss it not . . .

. . . THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS is coming . . .

. . . THE WEREWOLF MACABRE is coming . . .

. . . NOSFERATU is coming . . .

. . . in fact, folk, now that SCREAM is well underway we're talkin' about doing a 4th title . . . how does the straight-to-the-point title: 'MACABRE' grab you? . . . it may be comin' your way a lot faster'n you think . . .

. . . your BIGGER BUNCH OF QUESTIONS are flowing into the mailroom at a fantastic rate; our sad mailroom gal BELLE BOTTOMS has to climb in through the WINDOW (and that isn't EASY . . . the office is on the 15th floor) . . .

. . . if you've nothing better to do . . . WRITE . . .

. . . and even if you DO have something better to do it CAN'T be as important as helping the MOOD-TEAM decide what's up next . . .

so WRITE —ARCHAIC AL—

. . . weird rap people . . .

. . . IZZY OSGOODE BEFORE SKIN-GRAFT . . .

. . . IZZY OSGOODE AFTER SKIN-GRAFT . . .

. . . as a public service SKYWALD presents the following letter from IZZY OSGOODE of BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA . . .

. . . Dear Archaic Editors . . .

. . . I hope you will publish my letter as I believe it may be of interest to your readers . . .

. . . recently I fell off a cliff near my home . . . I was just sitting there minding my own business, reading a book (Dostoyevsky: **Notes from the Underground**) when I felt a great shaking of the entire cliff beneath me . . . I jumped up and was astonished as the ground opened up beside me and a grotesque, mammoth SLUG crept out and SPAT AT ME . . . I couldn't help but be SURPRISED, and stepped backwards off the cliff falling two thousand feet below . . .

. . . when I landed I was a MESS . . . my skin (see my picture) turned PURPLE and strange SCALES began to replace my skin . . . my poor parents were aghast and sold all their belongings and sacrificed EVERYTHING to pay a skin specialist to help me . . .

. . . help came in the person of dermatologist DR. HERMITT WASHT of neighboring Georgia State . . . now thanks to the labors of Dr. Washt my skin is its normal soft n' silky self . . .

. . . unfortunately however, when I fell off the cliff I DIED . . . but at least my parents can hold funeral services with an OPEN COFFIN . . .

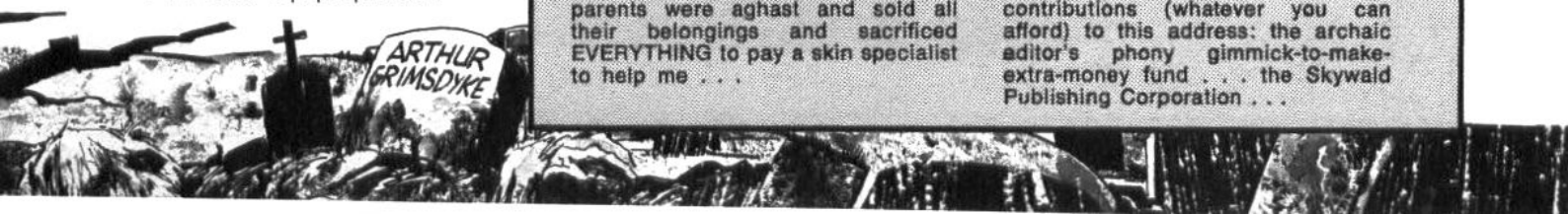
Sincerely

IZZY OSGOODE

a note from the Editors . . .

. . . we commend the self-sacrificing parents of IZZY OSGOODE for their unselfish act to save their son's face

. . . we want to HELP these good people to get out of the poor house and back on the road to prosperity . . . therefore, SKYWALD is setting up a special FUND to help these people out . . . please send your contributions (whatever you can afford) to this address: the archaic aditor's phony gimmick-to-make-extra-money fund . . . the Skywald Publishing Corporation . . .



THE NIGHT AIR FELT **GOOD** AGAINST HIM AS HE LEAPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP. THE **BLOOD LUST** WAS UPON HIM THIS NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, AND WITH THE **HORROR** OF THAT BLOOD LUST CAME THE **JOY** OF **REVENGE**... THE JOY OF **RIGHTEOUS** REVENGE!

HE HAD WORK TO DO THIS EVENING... WORK OF **RETRIBUTION**. HE COULD ALMOST **TASTE** THE **BLOOD** AS IT TRICKLED DOWN HIS HAIRY CHIN... HE COULD ALMOST **FEEL** THE NAKED **TERROR** OF HIS INTENDED VICTIMS AS THEY **WRITHED** UNDER HIS GRASP... BUT MOST OF ALL, HE COULD ALMOST **TOUCH** THE SATISFACTION DANGLING IN FRONT OF HIM LIKE SOME PRECIOUS JEWEL TO BE SNATCHED AND TREASURED **FOREVER!**

WHAT COULD **TWIST** A CREATURE'S MIND SO **MUCH**? **MEMORIES**? MEMORIES OF **PAIN**... BURNING, SEARING **PAIN**! MEMORIES OF A CHILD, **HORRIBLY DEFORMED**, AND **SUFFERING** FOR THAT **DEFORMITY**...

...MEMORIES OF **NEVER** KNOWING PEACE... MEMORIES OF **FLIGHT** AND NEVER **ONCE** CALLING ANOTHER... '**FRIEND**'. MEMORIES OF PASSING **YEARS**, OF **CHANGE** OF **REVENGE**... JUST **PAYMENT** FOR **AGONIES** HEAPED UPON HIM.

...MEMORIES THAT BURNED **WITHIN** THE **BEAST**. MEMORIES THAT DROVE HIM FROM BEING A '**MONSTER, MONSTER ON THE WALL**' WHO HAD NO FUTURE, TO A...

MONSTER, MONSTER IN THE GRAVE!

PABLO MARCOS AND AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

THE BRIGHTS LIGHTS BELOW CONFUSED HIM... FRIGHTENED HIM. FOR A MOMENT HE WANTED TO GO ON A BLOODY RAMPAGE, CHOOSING HIS VICTIMS AT RANDOM. BUT THEN, THEN...

...The ALL-GHOUL issue is coming ... miss it not...

AS HE MOVED, THE MOMENTS PASSED LIKE ***ETERNITIES***... HE WAS READY FOR THOSE WHO HATED HIM, AND WAS LOATHE TO HAVE THE TIME PASS SO ***SLOWLY***. HE WANTED TO FEEL THEM ***SQUIRMING***... HEAR THEIR FUTILE ***SCREAMS*** AS HE SLOWLY CHOKED THE LIFE FROM THEM!

HE COULD SEE THEM... THE ***LAST*** TWO ON A LONG LIST OF THOSE TO ***DIE!*** HE WANTED TO BURST THROUGH THE WINDOW... BUT HE HAD WAITED SO ***LONG*** THAT MERE MOMENTS WOULD MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE ***NOW!***

HE SAW THEM MOVE... GET READY TO ***LEAVE!*** EXCITEMENT POUNDED WITHIN HIM AS HE MOVED TO THE DOOR. ***THEY WERE COMING!***

THE LIGHT WENT OUT... HE COULD HEAR THEM LAUGHING AS THEY STEPPED OUTSIDE! HE GROWLED ***SAVAGELY*** AND LEAPED AT THEM.

THEY WENT DOWN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE. THE WEREWOLF STARTED TO ***CHOKE*** ONE OF THEM, BUT THEN, AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN ***PLAN*** CAME BACK TO HIM IN ***WAVES*** OF BURNING ***ANGER***

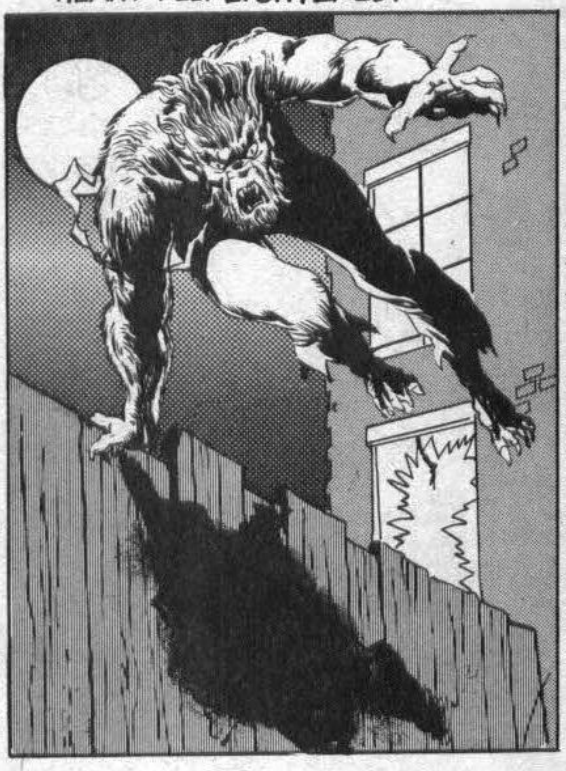
HE FOUGHT THE OVERPOWERING URGE TO ***RIP*** THEIR ***THROATS*** OUT AS HE SCOOPED THEM INTO HIS ARMS AND BOUND INTO THE DARKNESS. FOR ALMOST AN ***HOUR*** HE TRAVELLED, UNTIL HIS DESTINATION LOOMED BEFORE HIM.

THE ***HOUSE!*** IT WAS LIKE THE OTHERS... ***SECLUDED*** FROM ***NORMAL*** HUMAN BEINGS. HOW LONG HAD HE LIVED ***HERE*** AS A CHILD ? HIS CLOUDED BRAIN COULD NOT COME UP WITH THE RIGHT ANSWER. HE HAD LIVED IN SO ***MANY*** HOUSES AS A CHILD.

HE CARRIED THEM INSIDE AS THEY BEGAN TO AWAKEN. ***SAVAGELY*** HE THREW THEM TO THE FLOOR. THEY, TOO, REMEMBERED THE HOUSE AND A SHREAD OF REALIZATION ENTERED THEIR MINDS. THEY BEGAN TO ***SCREAM***. HAD HE BEEN ABLE, THE WEREWOLF MIGHT HAVE ***SMILED***. WITH A SAVAGE ***HOWL*** HE LEAPED AT THE MEN.

THEY WERE ***HELPLESS*** BEFORE THE ***ONSLAUGHT***. MOMENTS LATER THEY WERE MERE PILES OF ***BLEEDING FLESH***.

HE TURNED QUICKLY AND LEFT THE HOUSE, *AVENGED* AT *LAST!* HE'D HAD HIS *REVENGE* AND HIS SAVAGE HEART FELT *LIGHTENED!*



. . . The ALL-VAMPIRE issue is coming . . . miss it not . . .

HE BOUND THROUGH THE FOREST, KNOWING *JOY* FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.

HE REACHED A CLEARING, THEN STOPPED, SNIFFING THE EARLY MORNING AIR. HE LOOKED TO THE SKY. IN ANOTHER HOUR IT WOULD BE LIGHT. AND THEN, THE *MEMORIES* CAME BACK... A PLAN HE HAD FORMED.

HE TURNED FROM THE CLEARING AND HEADED ONCE MORE TOWARD THE HOUSE. HIS PLAN WAS ALMOST *COMPLETED!*

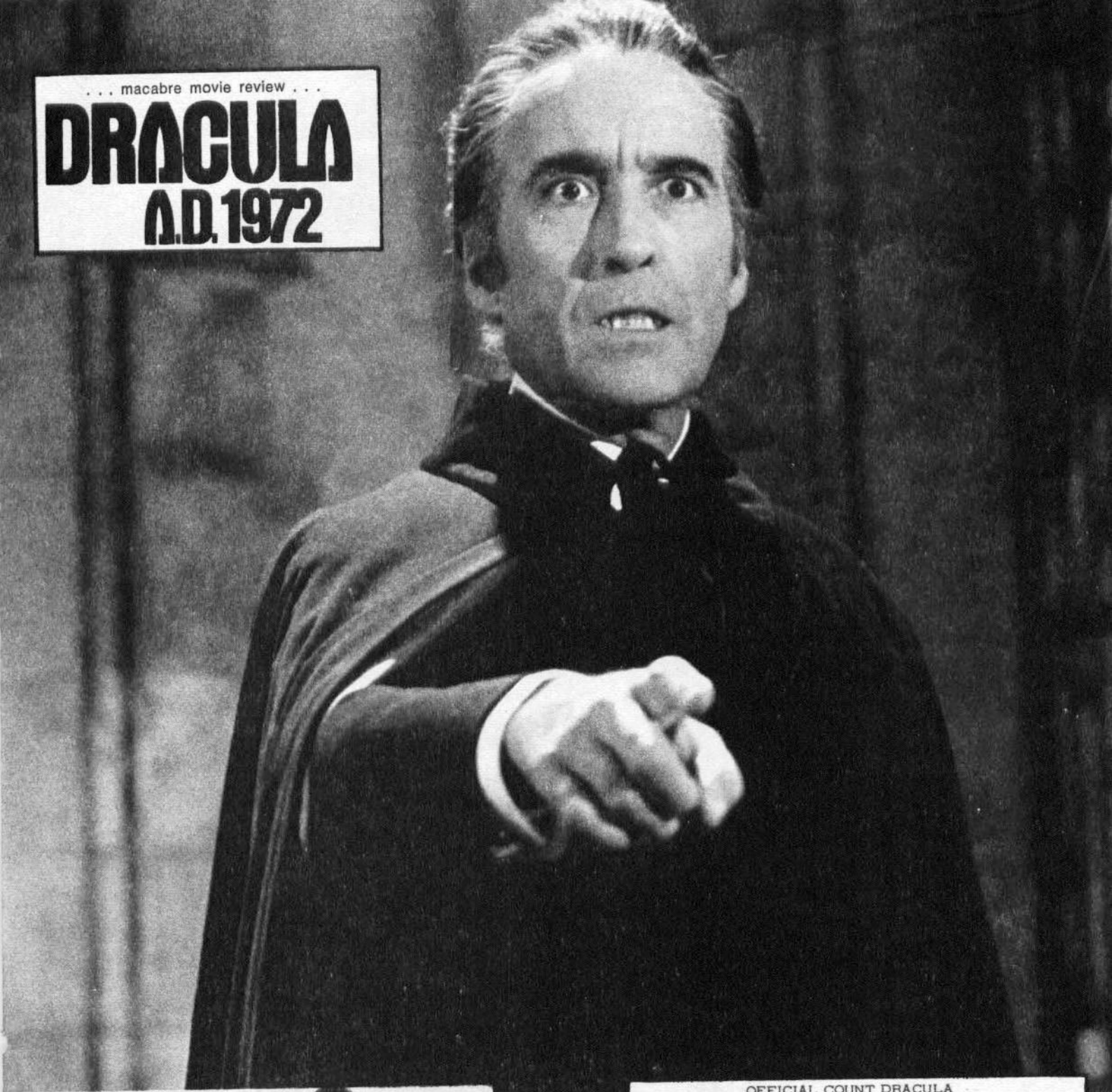
WITH FALTERING STEPS HE WALKED TOWARD THE HOUSE, HIS HEART *BEATING* LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER.

HIS SEARCH ENDED QUICKLY. A MOMENT LATER, HE HELD THE *ANSWER* TO HIS BURNING *AGONY*. A MOMENT LATER, HE SOLVED *ALL* HIS *PROBLEMS*.

HIS LIFE FLOWED OUT BEFORE HIS EYES. HAD HE BEEN ABLE, HE *MIGHT* HAVE *SMILED*...*AGAIN*... BUT HE COULDN'T. WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A SHUDDER, HIS TORTURED BODY *DIED*. THE MORNING SUN SHINED THROUGH A BROKEN WINDOW, AND IN THE DISTANCE, THE FIRST SOUNDS OF A NEW DAY PROMISED *PEACE* AND *CONTENTMENT* FOR ALL.

. . . macabre movie review . . .

DRACULA A.D. 1972



OFFICIAL COUNT DRACULA
SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP CARD

HorroRitual MEMBER

The Count Dracula Society

signature

Is Registered an Official

DRACULA A.D. 1972

And is entitled to all horrors and benefits pertaining thereto.

—ARCHAIC AL—

Alan Hewetson
President

WE DARE YOU TO TAKE PART IN THE ***HORRORITUAL***

. . . DRACULA 1972 A.D. is the KIND of horror movie we've come to expect these days . . . which can best be summed up in a single word: ENTERTAINMENT . . .

. . . there's no great plot . . . no great photography . . . no great acting or great ANYTHING . . . but you don't leave the theater without having experienced a measure of excitement and emotion . . . DRACULA 1972 A.D. is one of a DOZEN movies released every year, like FROGS and ASYLUM and TALES FROM THE CRYPT and DR. PHIBES that aren't MEANT to be anything BUT: ENTERTAINMENT . . .

. . . The pundits and movie fanatics who go to the theater and complain when they don't see a masterpiece are FOOLS . . . they went to the wrong movie . . . by the wrong movie-makers . . . they are in a MINORITY . . . the likes of Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN, Chaney's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, and Davis' WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE and HUSH, HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE are in the minority . . . but as great as THEY are, they have their PLACE in the way of things . . . just as DRACULA 1972 A.D. also has its place . . .

. . . DRACULA 1972 A.D. is a GREAT movie in the commercial sense . . . it isn't thought-provoking or meaningful . . . and its certainly isn't a masterpiece . . . it's just ENTERTAINING . . .

. . . and in a movie world of phony, boring movies it makes for a delightful change of pace . . .

The Count is back, with an eye for London's hotpants... and a taste for everything.

DRACULA A.D. 1972

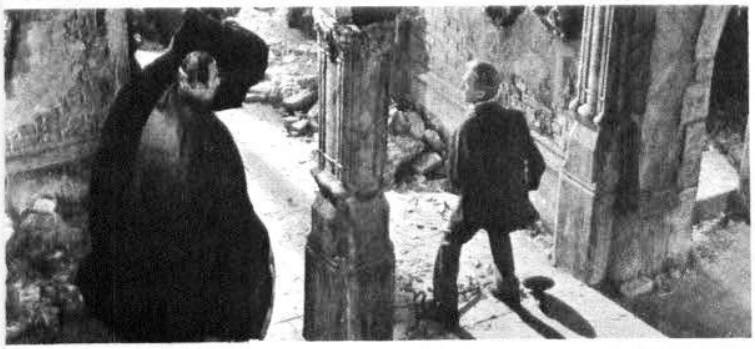
A Hammer Production Starring

CHRISTOPHER LEE · PETER CUSHING

STEPHANIE BEACHAM · CHRISTOPHER NEAME · MICHAEL COLES

DON HOUGHTON · Executive Producer MICHAEL CARRERAS · Produced by JOSEPHINE DOUGLAS

ALAN GIBSON · from Warner Bros., a Warner Communications Company PG



. . . DRACULA 1972 A.D. is a delightful pure-entertainment movie from Warner Brothers starring CHRISTOPHER LEE as the madman DRACULA . . .

. . . we recommend you see it . . .

THERE WERE THREE STREETLIGHTS SEPARATING THEM WHEN THE MAN FIRST GLIMPSED THE MUTE FIGURE IN SHADOWS...

THE MAN IS BRIEFLY PINPOINTED IN THE STREETLIGHT'S HARSH GLARE, AND THEN THERE ARE *TWO* PALLID SPLASHES OF LIGHT CLEAVING THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE AHEAD...

THE MAN PLUNGES THROUGH ANOTHER SHOWER OF LIGHT, FEELING VULNERABLE UNDER THE REVEALING ILLUMINATION, RESENTING THE GLOOMY FIGURE'S ADVANTAGE OF IMPREGNABLE DARKNESS ...AND THEN THERE IS ONLY *ONE* OBSTACLE OF LIGHT BETWEEN THEM...

THIS ISN'T *RIGHT*! WHY SHOULD I BE SCARED? THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY -- I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO WONDER WHETHER THIS GUY IS DANGEROUS OR NOT! BUT WHY DOESN'T HE *MOVE* -- START *WALKING* OR SOMETHING?

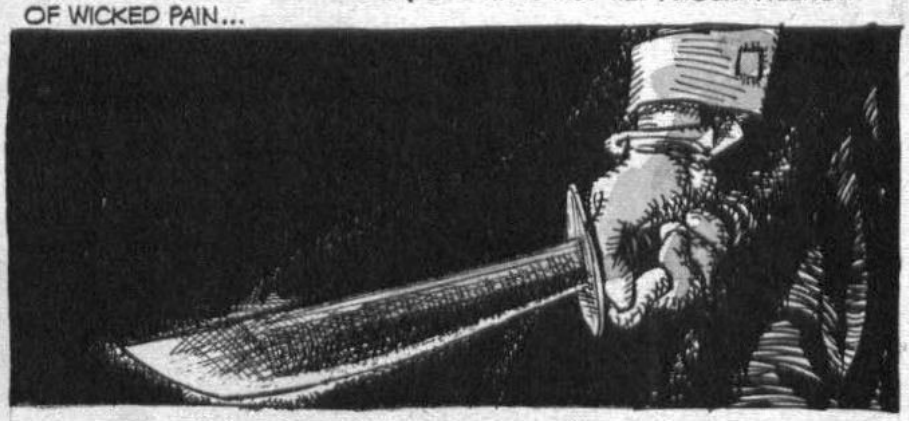
THEN THE MAN'S FERVENT WISH IS JANGLED REALITY WITH A SINGLE SLOW MOVEMENT... THE CLOWN AT MIDNIGHT STEPS INTO THE SPOTLIGHT WITHOUT FANFARE TO AN AUDIENCE OF *ONE*...

LET'S ALL DRINK TO THE DEATH OF A CLOWN

WRITTEN BY DOUG MOENCH
ILLUSTRATED BY RUBIO

THE CLOWN'S CREDENTIALS ARE ESTABLISHED WITHOUT WORD OR PAPER... HIS FACE IS WRAPPED IN GAUDY GREASEPAINT...

...AND JUST AS CLEAR IS HIS ***PURPOSE***... HIS FIST TIED AROUND A LENGTH OF WICKED PAIN...



COLD BREEZE ON HOT SWEAT, THE CORE OF THE MAN'S BEING SHUDDERS, AND THE FIBERS OF HIS SOUL ARE RIMED STIFF WITH FROST...

THE MAN'S FACE IS NAKED, AND HIS FISTS FREE... SO HE ***RUNS***...

THE MAN RUNS FROM FEAR, VISE-LIKE AND IMPLACABLE...

THE MAN RUNS FROM A CLOWN, MUTE AND MOTIONLESS...

BUT MOST OF ALL HE RUNS FROM HIMSELF... THE ATTEMPT FUTILE...

HE LEAVES THE CLOWN AT MIDNIGHT FAR BEHIND, A TINY SPLASH OF INCONGRUITY GLITTERING UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT OF INSIGNIFICANCE... BUT HIS HEADLONG MADFLIGHT OF DESPERATION PAYS NO HEED TO SUCH FACTS AND PERPETUATES ITSELF...

FIRST THERE WAS *DESIRE*:

AW, COME ON, BETH-- GET DOWN OFF YOUR HIGH WIRE AND COME DOWN TO EARTH WITH ME. I'VE ALREADY GOT THE TICKETS AND THE RESERVATION AT...
THAT'S VERY CLEVER PHRASING, MR. CADE, BUT...
CIRCO

THEN CAME *REJECTION*:

AFTER THAT, ***INDIGNATION*** WAS NOT FAR BEHIND:

THEN... CRASHING, PAIN-STUDDED ***SHAME:***

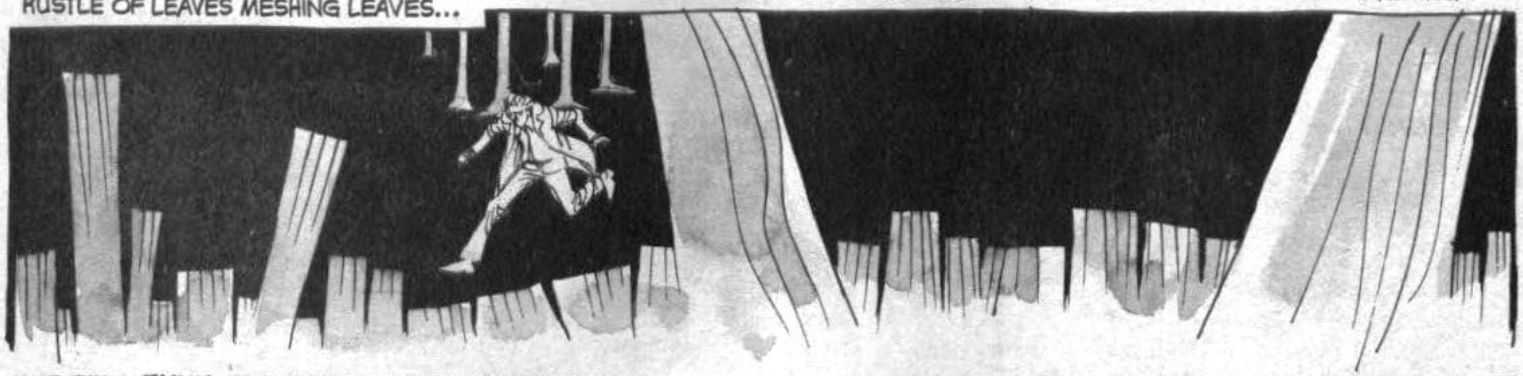
A BAT FROM BLACKNESS, THE CLOWN SWOOPS AND CROUCHES, KNIFE GLEAMING IN THE SCANT LIGHT... POINTED AT THE MAN...

AND AFTER THE PAIN, ***DURING*** THE PAIN, CAME THE WILD BROIL OF ***FURY:***

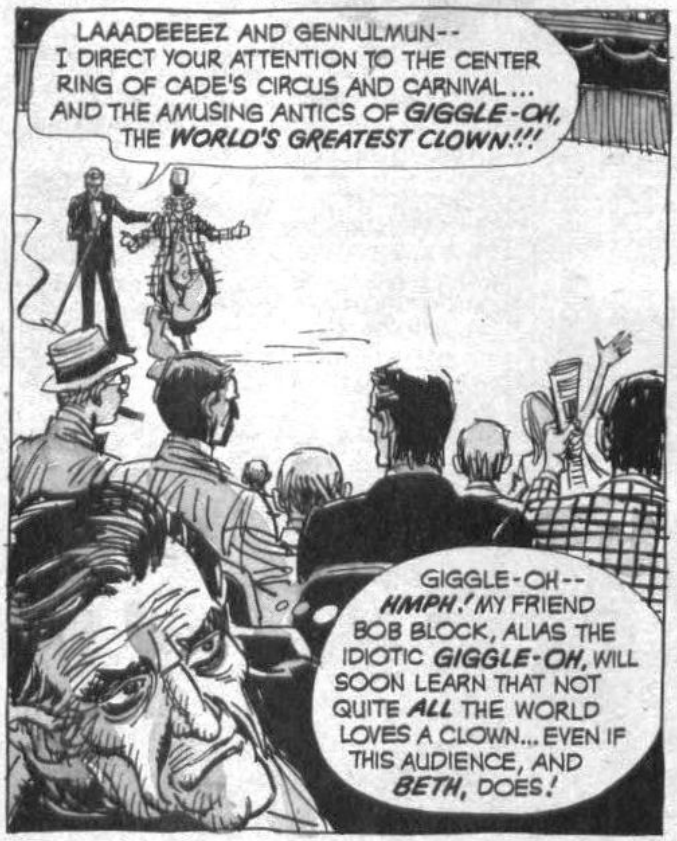
FEAR HAS NO CAPACITY FOR PONDERING THE IMPOSSIBLE... AND ITS ONLY OUTLET IS ***PANIC,*** AND CONSEQUENT ***FLIGHT***...
...AND BESIDES, YOU'RE ***DEAD!*** THIS CAN'T HAPPEN -- IT CAN'T JUST ***HAPPEN*** NOT TO ***ME***...

AND THE FURY GAVE HOARSE VENT TO THE VOW:
... IT'LL BE YOUR LAST MISTAKE! I PROMISE YOU THAT, BLOCK, I PROMISE! YOU'LL REGRET THIS -- JUST REMEMBER THAT!
SURE, SURE, CADE -- TELL IT TO THE RUBES -- THE REST OF US ARE BUSY.
FEAR IS A BAG OF ACID DEEP IN HIS GUT -- THE BAG IS SLASHED, EVISCERATED, AND THE ACID SUFFUSES THROUGH EVERY ATOM OF HIS SCREECHING BODY...
NO -- YOU'RE A GHOST -- YOU MUST BE -- NO HUMAN COULD MOVE THAT FAST -- APPEAR EVERYWHERE I RUN --
THEN CAME WELTING PANGS OF JEALOUSY:
BOB -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GETTING READY FOR THE MATINEE, WHAT ELSE... BEAUTIFUL?
SOME OF THE FLOODING ACID IS VIRULENT, SEARING AND WEAKENING... THE REST OF THE FEAR-GUSH IS ADRENALIN, SEARING AND STRENGTHENING...
WON'T LET HIM GET ME -- WON'T SUCCUMB TO FEAR...
. . . Only GHOULS are in the ALL-GHOUL issue . . .
AFTER JEALOUSY, THE STINGING BITE OF HELPLESSNESS:
BUT... SHOULDN'T WE BE PACKING?
WHAT FOR? CADE HASN'T FIRED US -- AND HE WON'T. YOU'RE THIS CIRCUS'S AERIALIST AND I'M THE PRIME CLOWN ATTRACTION -- CADE'S BIGTOP'D FOLD AROUND HIS EARS IN A MONTH WITHOUT US.

MADNESS BITING AT HIS FRANTIC HEELS, THE MAN BOLTS DOWN THE GANGWAY, SCARCELY PAYING ATTENTION TO THE SKITTERING RUSTLE OF LEAVES MESHING LEAVES...

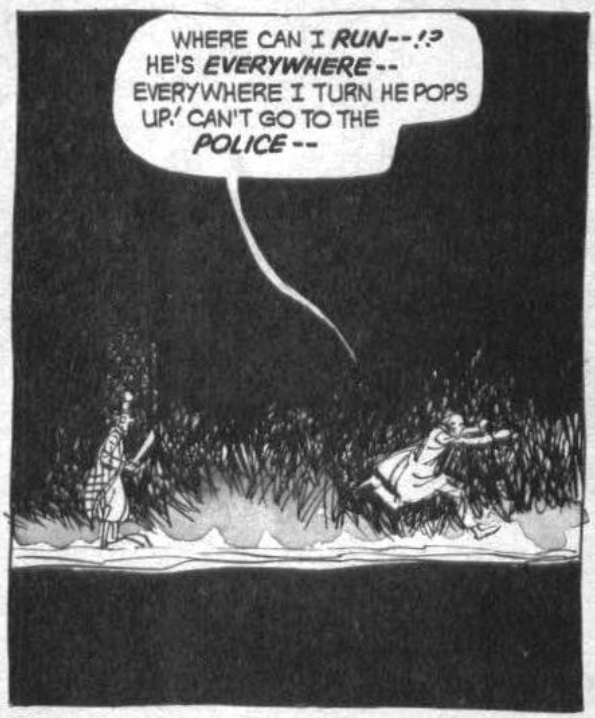


AND THEN, ***ENVY***, AS GREEN AS THE NEON GREASEPAINT OF A CLOWN'S GARISH FACE:


LAAADEEEEZ AND GENNULMUN-- I DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE CENTER RING OF CADE'S CIRCUS AND CARNIVAL... AND THE AMUSING ANTICS OF GIGGLE-OH, THE WORLD'S GREATEST CLOWN!!!
GIGGLE-OH-- HMPH! MY FRIEND BOB BLOCK, ALIAS THE IDIOTIC GIGGLE-OH, WILL SOON LEARN THAT NOT QUITE ALL THE WORLD LOVES A CLOWN... EVEN IF THIS AUDIENCE, AND BETH, DOES!

...UNTIL IT IS SUCCEEDED BY THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX ***SPRING*** OF A LEERING, KNIFE-WIELDING JACKANAPE...

AND AT DUSK, FOLLOWING THE SUCCESSFUL MATINEE, CAME THE GRIM ***RESOLUTION***:



AND ***ALL*** OF THEM-- ***DESIRE, REJECTION, INDIGNATION, SHAME, FURY, AVOWAL, JEALOUSY, HELPLESSNESS, ENVY*** AND ***RESOLVE*** -- ALL OF THEM CULMINATE IN SILENT, BRUTAL ***DEATH***:

ICY SWEAT SLUICES DOWN HIS FACE; HIS LEGS SHUDDER, THREATENING TO CAPITULATE; HIS HEART ITCHES, TICKLES...
HE'S DEAD--I STABBED HIM MYSELF--RIGHT IN THE HEART--HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING, IT'S CRAZY, IT'S INSANE!

AND AFTER THE INVESTIGATIONS, AFTER THE SOMBER BURIAL, AFTER THE ACQUITAL... CAME THE PARTY:

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU ALL STILL IN YOUR GREASEPAINT?!
WE'RE DRINKING TO THE DEATH OF A CLOWN, MR. CADE--A BROTHER CLOWN. WE'RE CELEBRATING HIS PASSAGE INTO A HAPPIER WORLD...

THE MAN'S HEART FLUTTERS, FIBRILLATES FRANTICALLY; HE PANTS AND GASPS, WHEEZES AND STRAINS... STRUGGLES UP THE STAIRS TO AN UNFAMILIAR HOUSE...

THEN CAME THE PITIFUL ATTEMPT AT RATIONALIZATION, CONCILIATION, AND THE INEVITABLE MASS DISMISSAL:

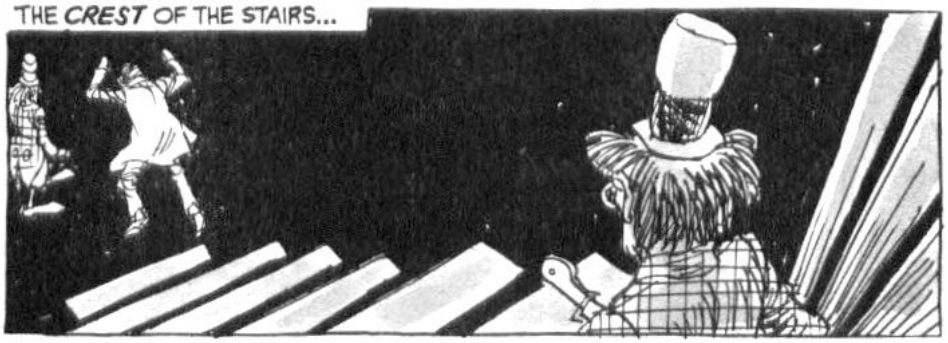
PLEASE DON'T BE HARSH, MR CADE. TRY TO TAKE IT THE WAY WE ARE--WE OF THE CIRCUS ARE ALL BROTHERS. WE SHOULDN'T FIGHT AMONG OURSELVES. BROTHERS DON'T FIGHT...
WELL I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YA, BROTHER--YOU'RE FIRED! ALL OF YOU... BROTHERS. NOW GET OUTTA HERE!

AND FROM THAT A MASSIVE WELLING OF OBSESSIVE HATRED AND, YES, FEAR FOR CLOWNS... AND THIS NIGHT'S RELENTLESS SPRINT THROUGH HORROR--A SPRINT WHICH HAS MORE THAN TAKEN ITS TOLL ON THE MAN'S OWERWORKED BODY...

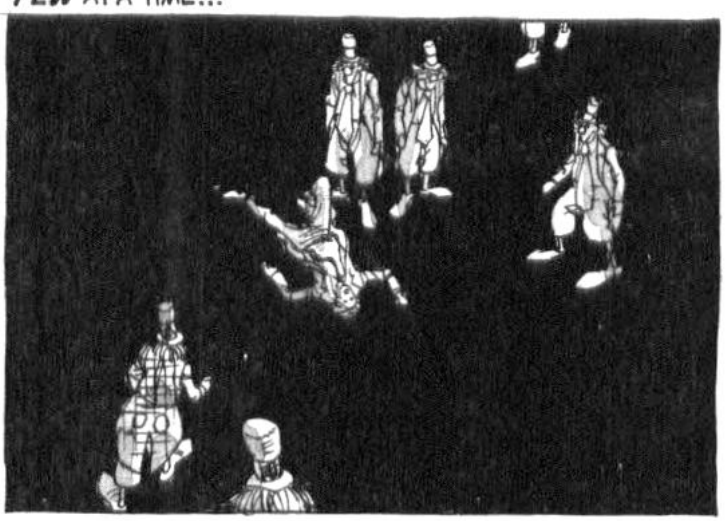
...AN OVERWORKED BODY WHICH ***HALTS*** AS IT CONFRONTS THE BIZARRE FORM OF A ***FOOL*** ABRUPTLY BURSTING FROM THE GLOOM-SHROUDED DOORWAY OF THIS MOST IMPROBABLE OF HOUSES....

...AN OVERWORKED BODY WHOSE HEART IS BRUTALLY ASSAULTED FROM TWO FRONTS--***EXHAUSTION*** AND SHEER UNMITIGATED ***FRIGHT***... AN OVERWORKED BODY WHICH ***TOPPLES***...

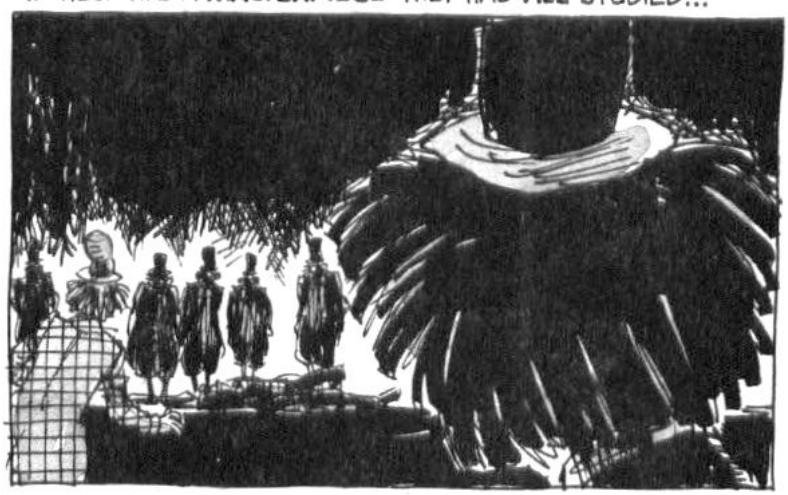
...CRUMPLES, AND TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS IN DEATH... COMING TO REST AT THE FEET OF A CLOWN--A CLOWN WHO IS THE MIRROR IMAGE OF THE CLOWN AT THE ***CREST*** OF THE STAIRS...



THE DEATH IS AS A SIGNAL... AND THEY EMERGE FROM THEIR VATAGE POINTS AND THEIR HIDING SPOTS, AT FIRST A ***FEW*** AT A TIME...



...AND THEN IN ***DROVES,*** ALL OF THEM DOPPLEGANGERS OF EACH OTHER ONE, THEY CONVERGE ON THE SPRAWLED CORPSE. IT WAS SIMPLE, REALLY--THE CELEBRATED ***GIGGLE-OH'S*** MAKEUP WAS A ***MASTERPIECE*** THEY HAD ***ALL*** STUDIED...



SOON THEY ARE ALL THERE, AND THE CLOWN FROM THE STAIRS DISENGAGES THE NOVELTY STORE TRICK KNIFE FROM HIS CHEST, DROPS IT TO THE CORPSE. THEY ALL AGREE WITH MUTE SATISFACTION THAT THE DEATH OF A ***BROTHER*** HAS BEEN ***AVENGED***...

...JUST AS THEY AGREE THAT THE ***ONLY TRUE*** CLOWN IN THEIR MIDST IS THE ONE WHO LIES ON COLD PAVEMENT UNPAINTED AND UNADORNED BY THE TRADITIONAL FOOL'S RAIMENT. AS ONE, THEIR FACES LIFT TO THE BLEAK NIGHT SKIES... AND THEIR ***HOWL*** OF LAUGHTER IS AWESOME TO BEHOLD...

... THIS... IS A *NEW HEAP*...
... THIS *BEAST* THAT RISES IN THE FILTHY MOONLIGHT IN THIS UGLY AND FETID SWAMP IS NOT THE *HEAP* WE ONCE KNEW AND HATED... NO NO... NOT *THIS* THING... *THIS* IS A *MINDLESS MONSTROSITY*... ONE WHO CANNOT *THINK* OR *SPEAK* WITH ANY DEGREE OF *INTELLECT*...

... POLICE SHELLS COULD NOT INJURE THE *OLD HEAP*... NEITHER CAN THEY HURT THE *NEW HEAP*... BUT THIS *NEW BEAST* DOES NOT *IGNORE THEM* AS DID THE *OTHER*... FOR HE DOES NOT REALIZE *WHY* THEY ARE FIRED... IN *STUPIDITY* AND *FEAR*... SO WHEN HE IS *ATTACKED* HE *FIGHTS BACK!*...

... BUT HE CANNOT BATTLE THE *MIGHT* OF THE ENTIRE *UNITED STATES ARMY*... AND HENCE BECOMES A *VICTIM* TO THEIR *IMPROVISED TORTURES*...

... WHICH, THO INGENIOUS, CANNOT COMPARE TO THE STRANGE AND AWFUL *PAIN* OF *FREE-FALL* DOWN THE *ELEVATOR SHAFT* OF THE *EMPIRE STATE BUILDING*...

... AND ALTHOUGH HE SURVIVES, HE NOW, AT THIS MOMENT, HOLDS THE LIFE OF ANOTHER IN HIS HANDS... A CHILD... INNOCENT... YET HER FUTURE RESTS IN THE ATTITUDE OF CIRCUMSTANCE...
... IN OTHER WORDS... APPEALING TO THIS LUNATIC BEAST IS WITHOUT POINT... ONLY CHANCE FATE CAN SAVE HER...
32
32
32
... AND HERE WE START TO CONCLUDE OUR 2-CHAPTER SPECIAL TALE OF THE HEAP...
...when dies a lunatic... ...so dies a HEAP

THIS HEAP HAS NO MIND... EXPECT NOTHING IN THE WAY OF AN INTELLIGENT ACTION: THEREFORE...
... OH DEAR GOD...
DEAR GOD
... WHATEVER THIS THING IS, DON'T LET HIM KILL MY LITTLE BABY...
... NOT MY LITTLE BABY...
... WHAT IS HE DOING?
... MY GOD WHERE IS HE GOING?
RRRAAAAUUURRR
WWHAMMM

OH GOD!

... WHAT HAVE... YOU DONE MONSTER?...

... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

...YOU CREEPS...

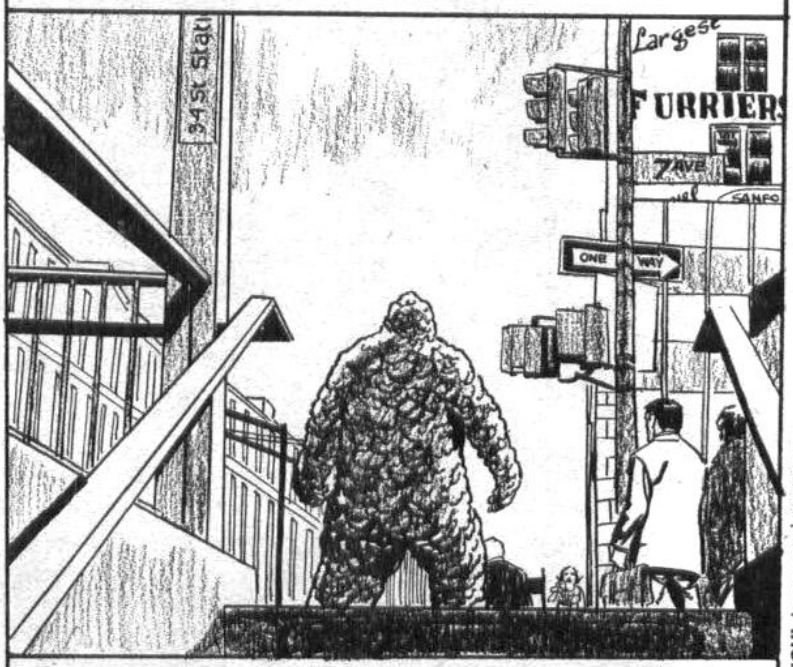
... YOU STINKING... AWFUL... DEGENERATE HUMAN BEINGS...

... YOU STOOD THERE AND LET THAT... BEAST... KILL MY CHILD

...OH...

... DEAR GOD...

... THE HEAP STANDS ON 34th STREET AND LOOKS ABOUT... HE FEELS THE FRESH AIR... HE SEES THE PEOPLE STARING AT HIM... HE WONDERS WHAT THEY ARE... WHO THEY ARE... WHAT HE IS... WHO HE IS...

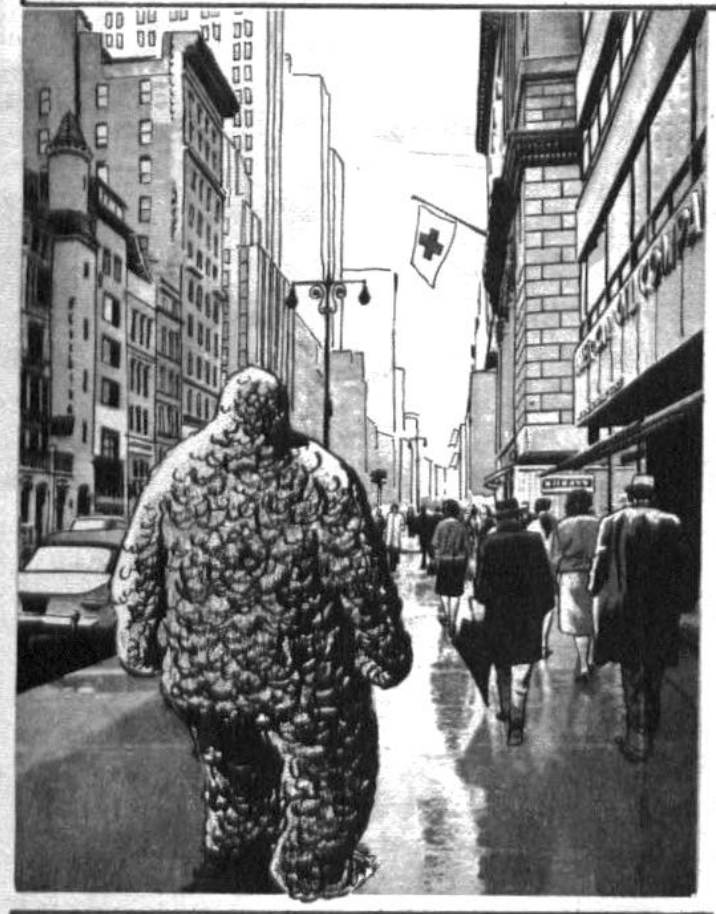


... HE ONLY WONDERS FOR A SECOND BECAUSE... HE DOESN'T KNOW AND DOESN'T CARE... ABOUT ANYTHING... ... ARE... WE GOING TO... BLAME OR ACCUSE THE HEAP FOR WHAT HAPPENED WITHIN THAT SUBWAY? HE KILLED A THING WITHOUT MEANING TO HIM... AS... WE WOULD KILL A FISH, OR A RABBIT OR DEER FOR SPORT WITHOUT THINKING OR REALIZING THAT... THAT ALL LIVING THINGS HAVE A RIGHT TO LIVE... ... WE ARE GUILTY OF MURDER... THE HEAP, HERE, IS GUILTY OF... NOTHING!...

... Watch for the ALL-GHOUL issue coming soon ...

... NOW THE **HEAP** WALKS DOWN THE CROWDED SIDEWALKS LOOKING ABOUT... AT THE PEOPLE AND THE BUILDINGS... AND THE SOPHISTICATION OF IT ALL...
... EVEN **JIM ROBERTS** WOULD WINCE ONCE OR TWICE AT WHAT THE **HEAP** NOW SEES IN THE CITY...
FOR ROBERTS WAS NOT OF THE CITY... BUT FROM THE COUNTRY... RURAL AMERICA... WHERE LIFE HAS MUCH MORE **MEANING** AND **INTENSITY** THAN ALL THIS...
SO-CALLED... **SOPHISTICATION**...

... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO **JIM ROBERTS**?
ROBERTS WAS BORN A **HUMAN**... LIKE **ALL** OF US... YET, THIS **THING** THAT GLARES AROUND HIMSELF IS... SO... **FAR REMOVED** FROM **ANY** DEFINITION OF **HUMAN-KIND** THAT... THAT IT MAKES ONE **WONDER**... ABOUT THE ALTER-EGO **HEAPS** OR **HYDES** OR **SUPERMEN** OR **CALLEYS** THAT DWELL WITHIN US... MAKE US WONDER **HOW** THE **SOPHISTICATION** OF **HUMAN-KIND** CAN CHANGE SO **EASILY** AND SO **QUICKLY**... DEGENERATE INTO SUCH AN UTTERLY **PRIMAL STATE**...



... BUT... WE'RE NEVER GIVEN ANY **TIME** IN THIS LIFE TO GENUINELY **CONSIDER** THINGS LIKE MORALITY OR PHILOSOPHY OR ANY OF THAT KINDA STUFF... THERE'S ALWAYS TOO MUCH **GOING ON**...

... WHY SHOULD THIS COMIC-STORY BE ANY DIFFERENT?...

... THE DOCTOR'S WERE **RIGHT**...

... THE WEIRD **SERUM** THEY LOADED THESE SHELLS WITH KNOCKED HIM **RIGHT OUT**... ENTERED HIS BLOODSTREAM IMMEDIATELY...

... HE SHOULD BE OUT *COLD* FOR A GOOD FEW HOURS...

...THEY WANT THIS THING TRANSPORTED TO SOME KINDA ***MEDICAL STUDY LAB*** DOWN IN ***TEXAS***...

...THEY WANNA TRY AN FIGURE OUT ***WHAT*** HE ***IS*** HUH?

...YEH... THEN MAYBE THEY'LL KNOW ***WHY*** HE IS... WHATEVER IT IS WHAT HE IS...

... NOBODY WANTS TO WASTE TIME IN GETTING THIS "THING", THE ***HEAP***, OUT OF THE CITY, AND OUT OF THE ***WAY***... WITHIN HOURS HE IS ABOARD AN AIR-FORCE TRANSPORT JET...

... AND ON HIS WAY TO SOMEWHERE IN ***TEXAS***... ... BUT THESE MEN DO NOT ***KNOW*** THE ***BEAST*** THEY CARRY ABOARD... THEY DON'T KNOW HIS ***CAPACITIES*** AND THEY DON'T KNOW HOW QUICKLY HIS BODY ***REJECTS*** THE FLUIDS THEY PUMPED INTO HIM...

...THEY DON'T KNOW THE ***RAGE*** HE CAN GET INTO... THE AWFUL MINDLESS ***DAMAGE*** HE CAN CAUSE... TO HUMAN LIFE...

... BUT... ***NOW*** THEY KNOW...

WHOOMB!
MY GOD, MABEL...
...OH, MY...
WHUMMP
...WHAT IS IT HARRY?
...I...
...DUNNO...
...LOOKS LIKE A HEAP OF FLESH...
...BUT IT'S STRANGE HARRY... I FEEL SO... STRANGELY... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT THING... SOMETHING... REALLY STRANGE...
...I FEEL...
...I FEEL SOME KIND OF...GOD... I... DUNNO... WHAT IS IT ABOUT THAT THING MABEL?
...WHAT IS IT?...
HARRY...
...THAT THING... ...THAT... THING...
...IT'S...

... IT'S OUR SON
... YES... ... I...
DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR OWN SON?
... I KNOW OUR SON...

... WHEN THE "THING"... THE **HEAP**... WOKE UP IN HIS OLD BED IN THE HOME WHERE HE WAS **BORN** AND **RAISED** AS A **HUMAN BEING** HE LOOKED UP AT THE OLD MAN AND WOMAN WHO LOOKED DOWN AT HIM SO STRANGELY... AND FOR THE **FIRST** TIME IN A **LONG** TIME HE COULD **THINK**...

... AND HE COULD **SPEAK** FOR THE FIRST TIME **EVER** AS THE **HEAP**...

...OH MY **PARENTS**... ... MY **GOD**... ... OH DEAR MAMA... FATHER...

... BUT DON'T ASK HOW OR WHY... WE DON'T **KNOW** HOW OR WHY AND WE DON'T EVEN **PRETEND** TO **KNOW**...

... IT WAS ALL... THE RESULT OF A GROTESQUE... HIDEOUS... UNBELIEVABLE **ACCIDENT**...

MY **GOD**... I'M GOING TO **CRASH!**

"I SUNK INTO SOME CHEMICALS IN A SCIENTIFIC VAT OF SOME KIND... SOME **MAD** THING... GOVERNMENT RADIO-ACTIVE **TESTING AREA** OR SOMETHING... WHEN I CAME UP... WHEN I CAME **OUT**... I WAS LIKE **THIS**... AND UNABLE TO **THINK** OR **SPEAK**... OH, GOD..."

DEPOT XC
NEROUS! OFF LIMITS!
ERSONNEL!

"I KEPT CHANGING BACK AND FORTH... BACK AND FORTH WITHOUT **END**... WITHOUT **REASON**... I WAS HUNTED BY THE **LAW**... VICTIMIZED BY **FIENDS**... **HATED** BY **EVERYONE**..."

... OH GOD MAMA...
...WHAT AM I GONNA DO?...
...WHAT AM I GONNA DO FATHER?...
... YOU'LL STAY WITH US...
...AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY WITH US SON...
... YOU WON'T BE HUNTED ... AND YOU WON'T BE VICTIMIZED OR SHOT AT.., AND YOU... WON'T SUFFER ANY MORE SON ...
... NOT ANY MORE...

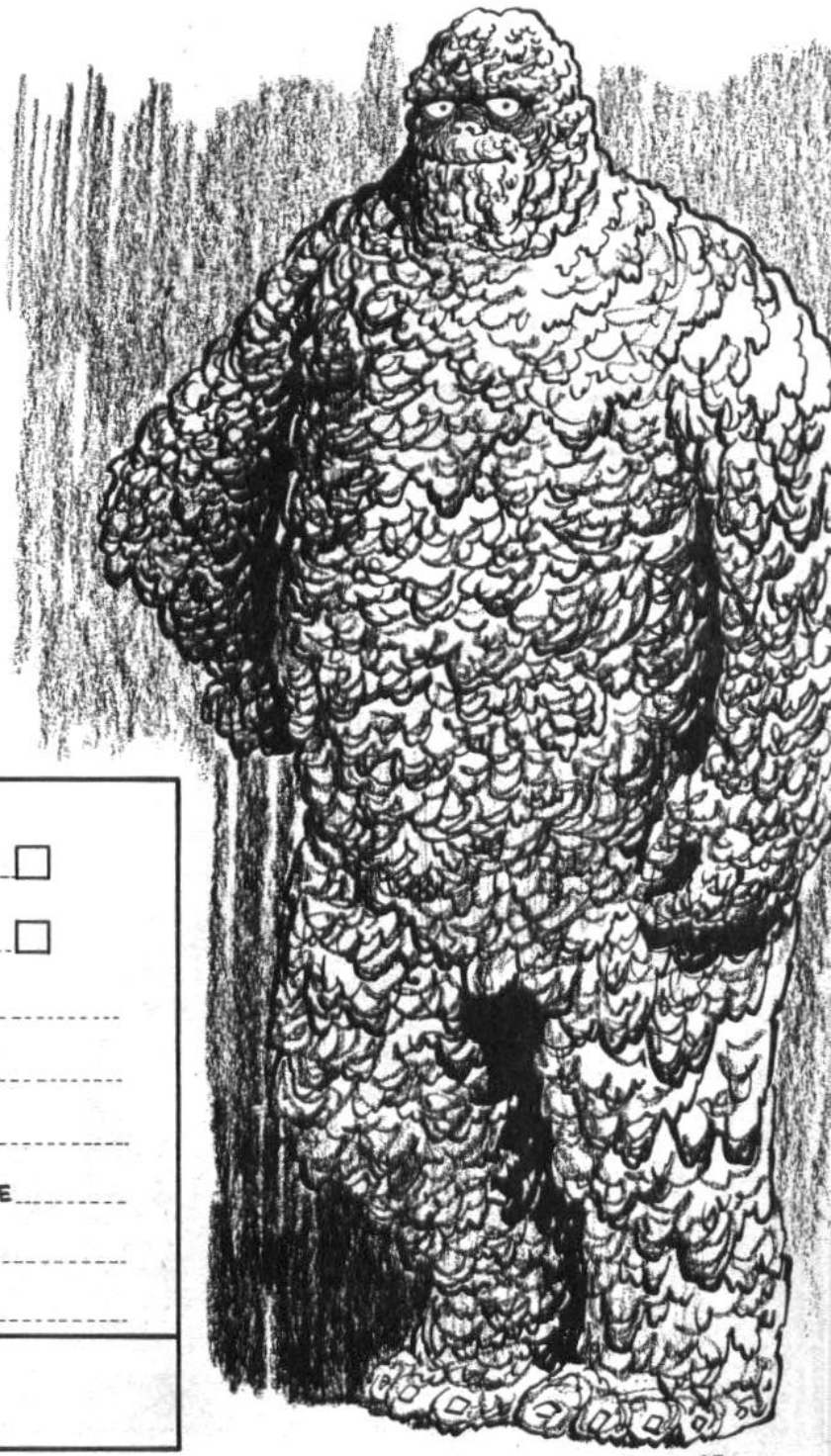
... SO "OFFICIALLY" ENDS THE BRUTAL SAGA OF THE **HEAP**...
... THIS MAN-THING WHO WAS BORN **TWICE**... ONCE AS A **MAN**... ONCE AS A **BEAST**... WHAT, WHAT PRAY TELL IS HE **NOW**?... IS HE MORE **MAN** OR **MONSTER**?... ... IS... HE... **HAPPY**?
THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION NEED NOT BE MENTIONED... IT IS **OBVIOUS** IN THIS FINAL, CLOSING SCENE... HE IS WITH THOSE WHO **LOVE HIM** WITHOUT NEED FOR **REASON**... WITH THOSE WHO **NEVER** QUESTION WHEN THERE IS **NO NEED**... HE IS WITH HIS MOTHER AND HIS FATHER... THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE ON THIS WEIRD GREEN EARTH WHO WILL ACCEPT HIM **AS** HE **IS** FOR **WHAT** HE **IS** **WHATEVER** THAT **IS**...

... ALTHOUGH THIS ENDS THE **HEAP SAGA** WE REALIZE **MANY** READERS WILL WRITE TO WANT HIM **CONTINUED** IN A **NEW** SERIES ... JUST AS **MANY** OF YOU WILL BE SATISFIED WITH **THIS** ENDING...

... BUT THIS IS **YOUR** MAGAZINE... WE ALWAYS **DO** WHAT **YOU** WANT US TO... AND **IF** (AND ONLY IF) YOU WANT THE **HEAP** TO CONTINUE: THEN, HE **WILL**...

... BUT YOU MUST MAKE YOUR OPINION **KNOWN** TO US... BY A SPECIAL **VOTE** WHICH WILL HONESTLY **DECIDE** WHETHER YOU WANT TO SEE **CHAPTER TWO** OF **THE HEAP** OR **NOT**... THE COUPON **BELOW** IS FOR THAT PURPOSE... WE WILL COUNT **ALL** COUPONS RECEIVED WITHIN 2 MONTHS FROM THE SALE DATE OF THIS PSYCHO ISSUE AND LET THAT BE THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION OF THE HEAP..

... WE WILL ALSO MAKE A SPECIAL **DRAW** FROM ALL COUPONS RECEIVED AND WE'LL SEND THE WINNER A **LARGE** PINT OF THE **HEAP** WHICH ARCHAIC AL WILL PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPH TO THE WINNER... BUT GET YOUR COUPON IN **NOW**.



YES, I WANT TO SEE THE HEAP CONTINUED ☐

NO, THE HEAP SHOULD END WITH THIS STORY ☐

COMMENTS _____

_____

_____

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AN OTHER _____

MAIL IN TO... "YES HEAP... NO HEAP" VOTE
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THE *HUNGER GNAWS*--- THE *STOMAC* ROARS FOR *NOURISHMENT,* AND WITH THE *ROAR, INFLATES*... A *BLOATED REMINDER* OF THE *CRAVINGS* THAT *CHEW* THE *GUT!! FOOD!! FOOD!!! ANYTHYNG* TO *APPEASE* THE *BITING BRUTE* THAT *CLAWS INNARDS!!.. EVEN.....*

a taste of human flesh...

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY SOSTRES

1837: THE *"IRON MAIDEN"* WAS STRUCK BELOW HER WATER-LINE BY SOME *UNKNOWN* OBJECT.! WITHIN MINUTES, ALL COULD SEE SHE WAS *DESTINED* TO THE *DEPTHS! QUICKLY, SHE WAS ABANDONED!!*

IN ONE BOAT, *SILAS WOOLIT, ZEB PENCROFT,* AND *GIDEON TERRELL* PULLED AT THE OARS--- *DRAWING THEM AWAY FROM THE DOOMED "MAIDEN"!!.*

IN THAT FIRST LONG NIGHT, THE PARTY OF BOATS BECAME *SEPARATED!*
.... *ONLY THE GNAWING HUNGER REMAINED CONTINUOUS!! ALL HOPE WAS LOST!!*

LAND!! LAND!!! THANK GOD!! THANK GAAWWWWD!!!

AND SO IT WAS, THAT WHEN LAND *WAS* SIGHTED, THEY OFFERED THANKS TO *"PROVIDENCE"!!*

IT WAS QUITE ANOTHER STORY WHEN THEY BEACHED THEIR SLIM CRAFT ON THE *VOLCANIC* SHORES! THE *NATIVES* HAD NEVER HEARD OF *"PROVIDENCE"... ONLY FOOD!!!*

THEY 'RE CANNIBALS!! CANNIBALS!!! THEY 'RE GONNA EAT US!!!...

...EAT US!!!

TWO MEN WERE SELECTED FOR THE FEAST THAT NIGHT! THE OTHER, GIDEON TERRELL WORKED THE GIANT SPIT, UPON WHICH HIS FRIENDS WERE ROASTED!!
PFFSSSSSTT
PPPFFFSSTTTTT
PPFFSSSSTTT
I'VE GOTTA GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!!!...
...GOD ONLY KNOWS...
...I'LL BE NEXT!!!
CARRIED ON THE HEATED WINDS, WAS THE FRAGRANCE OF HUMAN FLESH BEING COOKED! GIDEON'S STOMACH ROSE, BUT HE FOUGHT AGAINST THE EVER-INCREASING DESIRE TO VOMIT!!

GIDEON'S BREAK CAME! HIS GUARD TURNED HIS BACK, AND GIDEON RAN AS IF SATAN HIMSELF WERE AT HIS HEELS! HE REACHED A CANOE, SOON FOLLOWED BY AN EAGER NATIVE WHO DID NOT WANT HIS FUTURE MEAL TO ESCAPE!!
AAARRGGHHH!!!
DIE!!... YOU ROTTEN BEGGAR!!!
THE CRUNCH OF BONES, AND THE POP FROM A PUNCTURED LUNG SANG IN GIDEON'S EARS, AS THE INERT BODY FELL TO THE FLOOR!!!

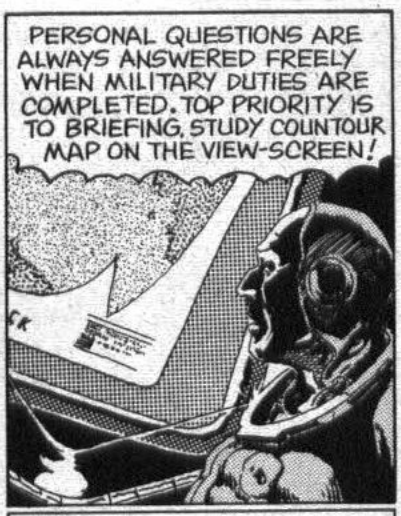
ON THE FOLLOWING MORN, AS THE SOUTH PACIFIC SUN CLAWED ITS' WAY TO THE AZURE SKY... GIDEON REALIZED THERE WAS NOTHING TO EAT ABOARD THE NATIVE DUGOUT...
'BACK WHERE I STARTED!!...
...THE DRIVING HUNGER....
....NOTHING TO EAT... NO...
....FOOD??!
...OR WAS THERE??!

IT WAS A STRANGE AND GRUESOME SIGHT THAT MET THE EYES OF THE RESCUE SHIP'S CREW!!... THE GNAWED AND DISMEMBERED BODY OF SOMETHING ONCE HUMAN!!!
HAH HAH HAH HAAAAAAAAAA
SAINTS PRESERVE US!!!...
WILLYA LOOKEE THAR....
...'E'S EATEN A MAN
'E'S A BLOODY CANNIBAL, 'E IS!!!

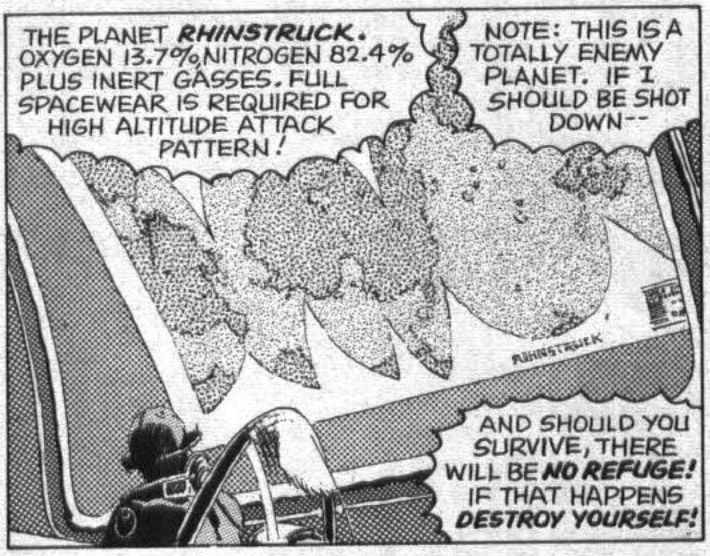
THE HORROR WITHIN AND WITHOUT...
WAKE UP! WE'RE IN ORBIT AROUND OUR OBJECTIVE!
MACHINERY WHIRRED, STIRRED HIM FROM HIS ALMOST FETAL SLUMBER. J-1001011 SAT UP, HIS PILOT'S SEAT SHIFTED TO COMBAT POSITION, GIVING HIM AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF ALL SIDES OF THE PLANET FLIER.
WAKE UP!
BREAKOUT AND ATTACK IN SEVEN MINUTES!
EAT-- ELIMINATE--
YES CHARLES...
WRITTEN BY CARR, BUCKLER AND MCNAUGHTON
ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE KALUTA
KALUTA

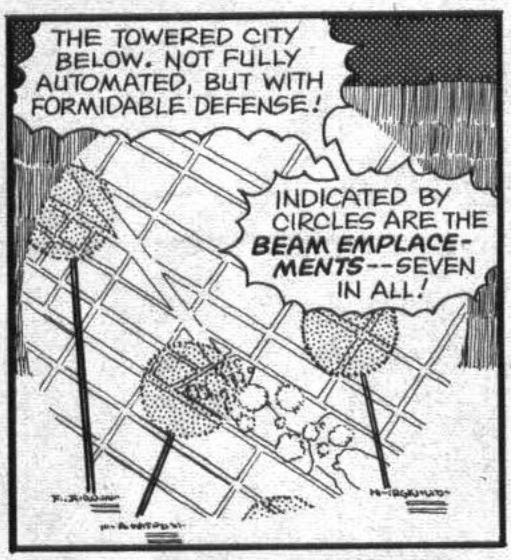
J-1001011 OBEDIENTLY WITHDREW THE RED-WINKING TUBE FROM THE PANEL. IT PUT WARM, MEALY FLUID INTO HIS MOUTH. HE SWALLOWED MEASUREDLY. PERISTALSIS STIMULATORS IN HIS INTESTINAL TRACT BEGAN THEIR DUTIES.

STIMULATORS AND NERVE IMPLANTS IMBEDDED IN J-1001011'S BODY CLICKED TO ACTIVITY.


PERSONAL QUESTIONS ARE ALWAYS ANSWERED FREELY WHEN MILITARY DUTIES ARE COMPLETED. TOP PRIORITY IS TO BRIEFING, STUDY COUNTOUR MAP ON THE VIEW-SCREEN!

J-1001011 SIGHED AND TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO THE SCREEN.


THE PLANET *RHINSTRUCK*. OXYGEN 13.7%, NITROGEN 82.4% PLUS INERT GASSES. FULL SPACEWEAR IS REQUIRED FOR HIGH ALTITUDE ATTACK PATTERN!
NOTE: THIS IS A TOTALLY ENEMY PLANET. IF I SHOULD BE SHOT DOWN--
AND SHOULD YOU SURVIVE, THERE WILL BE *NO REFUGE!* IF THAT HAPPENS *DESTROY YOURSELF!*


THE TOWERED CITY BELOW. NOT FULLY AUTOMATED, BUT WITH FORMIDABLE DEFENSE!
INDICATED BY CIRCLES ARE THE *BEAM EMPLACEMENTS*--SEVEN IN ALL!

OUR MISSION: TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY. WE HAVE NINE PLANETFLIERS, THREE TO FIVE OF WHICH WE WILL LOSE. USE ATTACK PATTERN RO-1101--TAKE CONTROL OF ME AT 30,000 FEET!
HOW LONG WAS I ASLEEP?
EIGHT MONTHS, SEVENTEEN DAYS PLUS!
THAT LONG! ADDING OBJECTIVE SLEEP TIME WITH SUBJECTIVE WAKING TIME HE HAD SPENT *NINETEEN YEARS* IN HIS PLANETFLIER, CHARLES.

IN THE MOMENTS OF PREPARATION, J-1001011 THOUGHT BACK, TO SIMPLER DAYS, WHEN HE HAD A NAME, NOT A BINARY NUMBER; WAS IT HENRY--OR HENDRICK--HENRIED, MAYBE? HE WAS 10 WHEN THE CONTROL MACHINES CAME FOR HIM, AND ERASED NAMES AND A THOUSAND AND ONE OTHER DETAILS THAT MACHINES CALL **DATA**--LEAVING ONLY A RESIDUE OF SIGHTS, SMELLS, COLORS, TASTES.

AND HIS PARENTS--ALSO NAMELESS--HIS FATHER; BIG AND RANGY, OF AWKWARD STEP AND THUNDEROUS, DISTANT VOICE--HIS MOTHER; SOFT, QUIET, A QUIZZICAL FACE FRAMED BY DARK HAIR...

BREAKOUT ATTACK IN ONE MINUTE, J-1001011.

THE VOICE STARTLED HIM MOMENTARILY, BUT THEN HE REACHED FOR HIS PRESSURE HELMET, SEALED IT IN PLACE WITH AUTOMATIC MACHINE-TRAINED MUSCLE MOVEMENT!

WHAT ABOUT MY **PARENTS?** AT LEAST THERE'S **TIME** FOR YOU TO **TELL** ME IF THEY'RE STILL **ALIVE!**

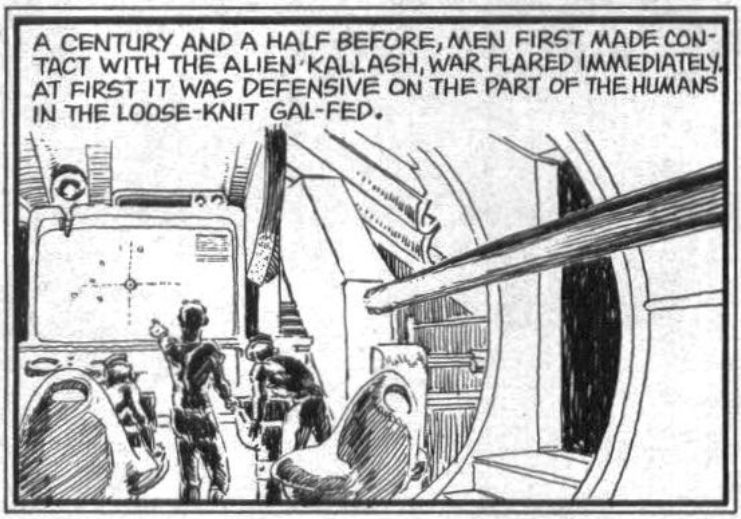
BREAKOUT AND **ATTACK** IN THIRTY SECONDS AND COUNTING...

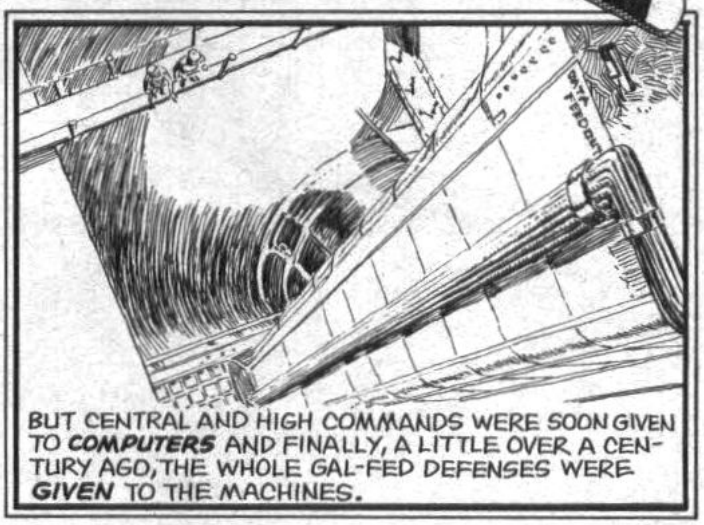
28, 27...

26, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21--

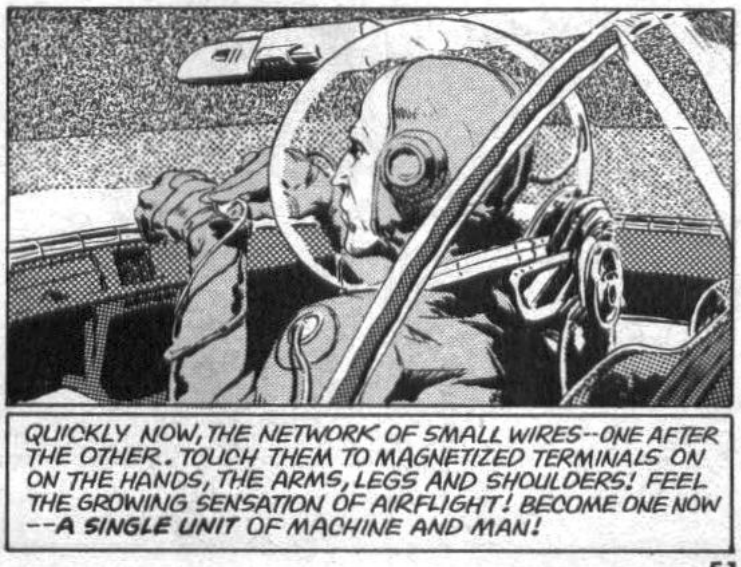
J-1001011, HUMAN PILOT OF A PLANET FLIER NAMED CHARLES, SHOOK HIS HEAD IN RESIGNATION AND BRACED HIMSELF FOR ACCELERATION SHOCK...

IT HIT HIM, CRUSHING HIM BACK INTO THE CHAIR AS THE PLANETFLIER ROCKETED OUT OF THE STARSHIP'S HOLD, ALONG WITH ITS EIGHT UNIT-MATES.
HE WONDERED ABOUT THE CITY. WAS IT A REBEL FROM THE GALACTIC FEDERATION--OR A CAMOUFLAGED MILITARY STRONGHOLD OF THE ALIEN KALLASH?


A CENTURY AND A HALF BEFORE, MEN FIRST MADE CONTACT WITH THE ALIEN KALLASH, WAR FLARED IMMEDIATELY. AT FIRST IT WAS DEFENSIVE ON THE PART OF THE HUMANS IN THE LOOSE-KNIT GAL-FED.


BUT CENTRAL AND HIGH COMMANDS WERE SOON GIVEN TO COMPUTERS AND FINALLY, A LITTLE OVER A CENTURY AGO, THE WHOLE GAL-FED DEFENSES WERE GIVEN TO THE MACHINES.

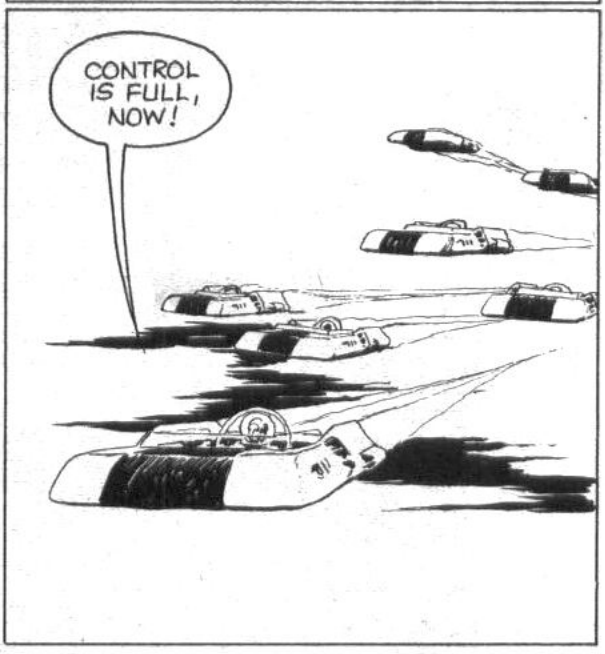
BUT THAT WAS 100 YEARS AGO. NOW RUMORS WERE ALOFT THAT THERE WERE NO KALLASH ANY MORE.--OR HAD NEVER BEEN ANY IN THE FIRST PLACE. J-100101I HAD NEVER MET ANY OF THEM, BUT THAT PROVED NOTHING; SPACE IS VAST!
30,000 FEET! ATTACH YOUR MUSCLE CONTACTS!

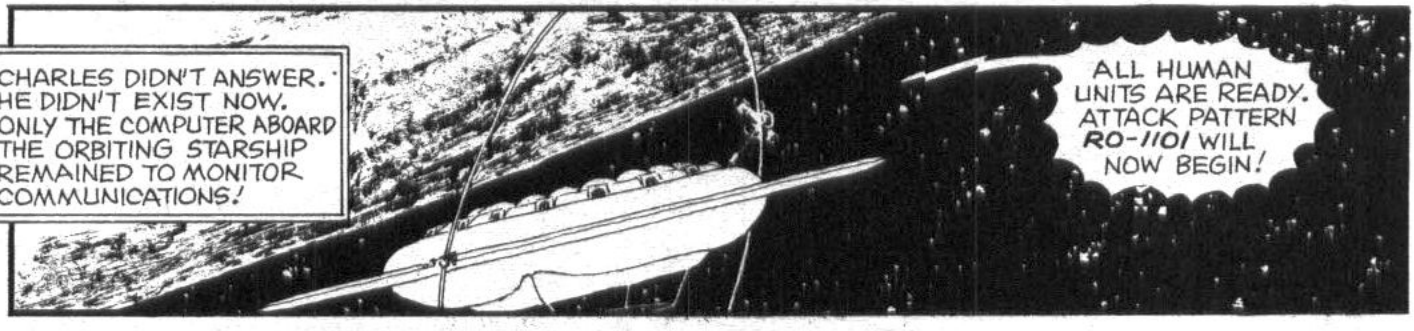

QUICKLY NOW, THE NETWORK OF SMALL WIRES--ONE AFTER THE OTHER. TOUCH THEM TO MAGNETIZED TERMINALS ON ON THE HANDS, THE ARMS, LEGS AND SHOULDERS! FEEL THE GROWING SENSATION OF AIRFLIGHT! BECOME ONE NOW --A SINGLE UNIT OF MACHINE AND MAN!

AS THE LAST CONTACT SNAPPED INTO PLACE, J-100101 ***BECAME THE PLANET FLIER!*** HIS NAME WAS ***CHARLES,*** AND WAS A ***WHOLE BEING*** ONCE MORE. AIR RUSHED PAST HIS METAL HIDE. HE ***WAS*** THE WEAPON OF ***WAR***--SWOOPING DOWN FOR THE ***KILL!***

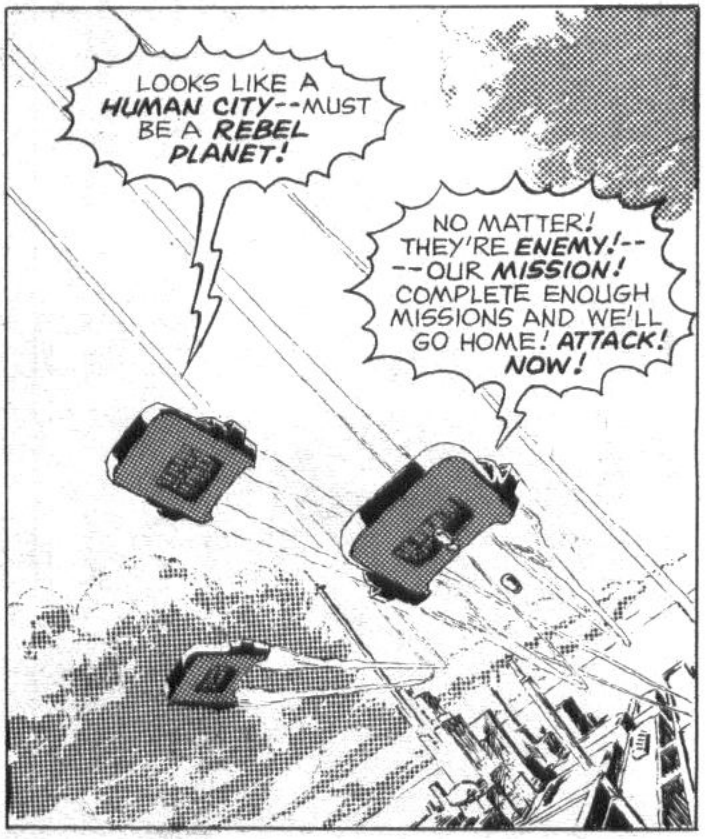
MACHINES DON'T APPRECIATE THIS. THEY HAVE NO PLEASURES, NO EMOTIONS, AS HUMANS DO!
MACHINES ***NEED*** HUMANS! WE ENJOY KILLING, WE CAN ***LOVE*** COMBAT--WE'RE SO MUCH BETTER AT IT THAN THEY--

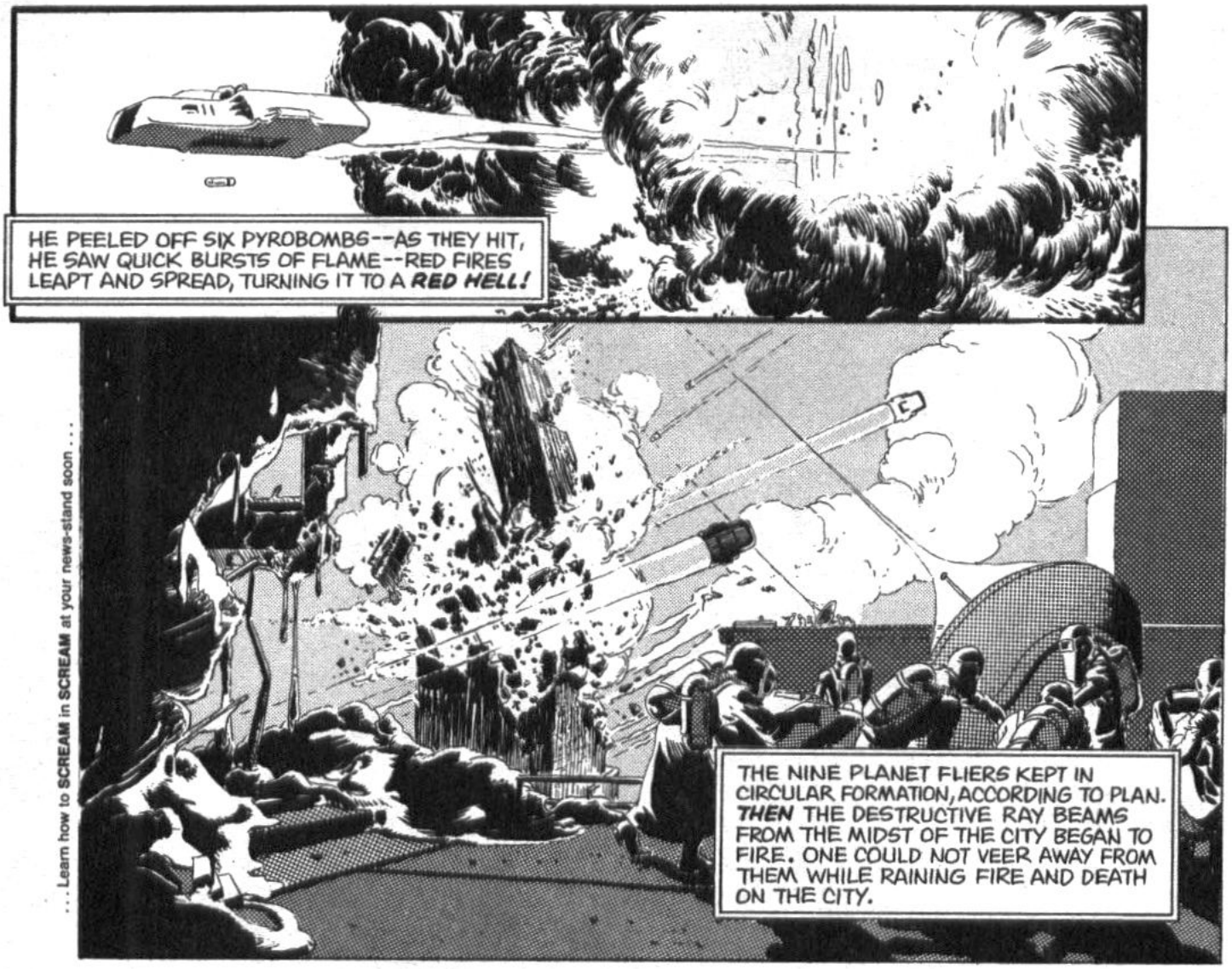
BUT HE KNEW THIS WASN'T TRUE--ONLY AN EMOTIONAL CONCEIT. HUMAN PILOTS WERE NEEDED BECAUSE THEIR COMPLEX NERVOUS SYSTEMS WERE CHEAPER AND MORE EXPENDABLE THAN THEIR ELECTRONIC EQUIVALENTS.

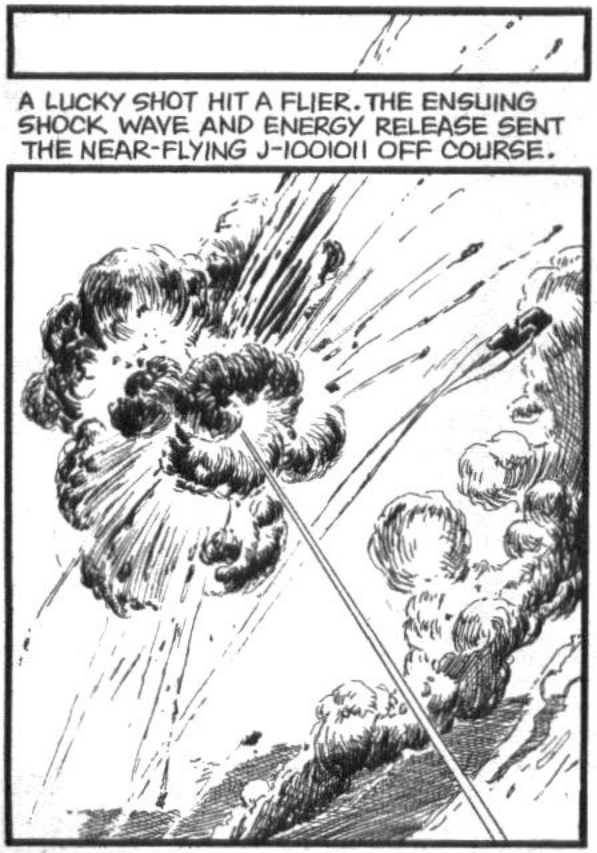



CHARLES DIDN'T ANSWER. HE DIDN'T EXIST NOW. ONLY THE COMPUTER ABOARD THE ORBITING STARSHIP REMAINED TO MONITOR COMMUNICATIONS!
ALL HUMAN UNITS ARE READY. ATTACK PATTERN ***RO-1101*** WILL NOW BEGIN!

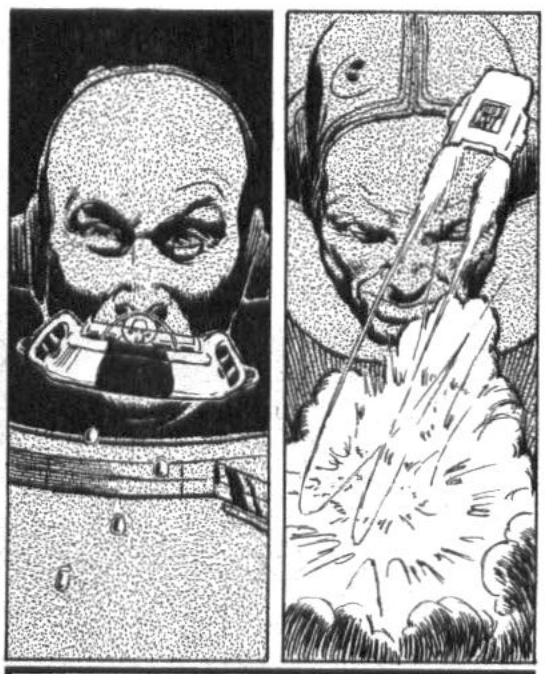
BEAUTIFUL BIG ***TARGET***--WE CAN'T MISS IT. ANYBODY KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY ***KALLASH*** DOWN THERE?
IT LOOKED JUST AS IT HAD ON THE CONTOUR MAP! WIDE STREETS, THRUSTING BUILDINGS, PATCHES OF GREEN THAT WERE PARKS--OR MAYBE CAMOUFLAGE!

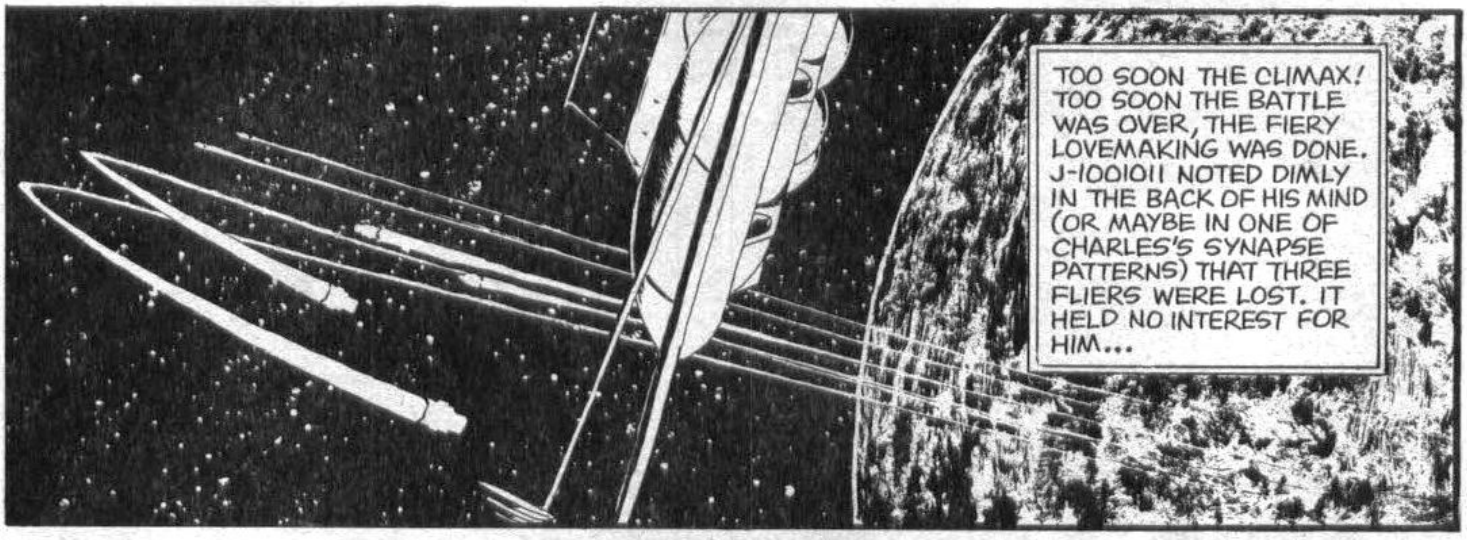

LOOKS LIKE A ***HUMAN CITY***--MUST BE A ***REBEL PLANET!***
NO MATTER! THEY'RE ***ENEMY!***--
--OUR ***MISSION!*** COMPLETE ENOUGH MISSIONS AND WE'LL GO HOME! ***ATTACK! NOW!***

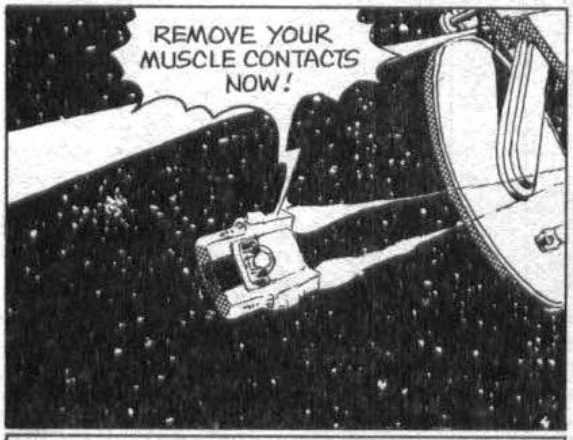

HE PEELED OFF SIX PYROBOMBS--AS THEY HIT, HE SAW QUICK BURSTS OF FLAME--RED FIRES LEAPT AND SPREAD, TURNING IT TO A RED HELL!
THE NINE PLANET FLIERS KEPT IN CIRCULAR FORMATION, ACCORDING TO PLAN. THEN THE DESTRUCTIVE RAY BEAMS FROM THE MIDST OF THE CITY BEGAN TO FIRE. ONE COULD NOT VEER AWAY FROM THEM WHILE RAINING FIRE AND DEATH ON THE CITY.
. . . Learn how to SCREAM in SCREAM at your news-stand soon . . .


A LUCKY SHOT HIT A FLIER. THE ENSUING SHOCK WAVE AND ENERGY RELEASE SENT THE NEAR-FLYING J-1001011 OFF COURSE.

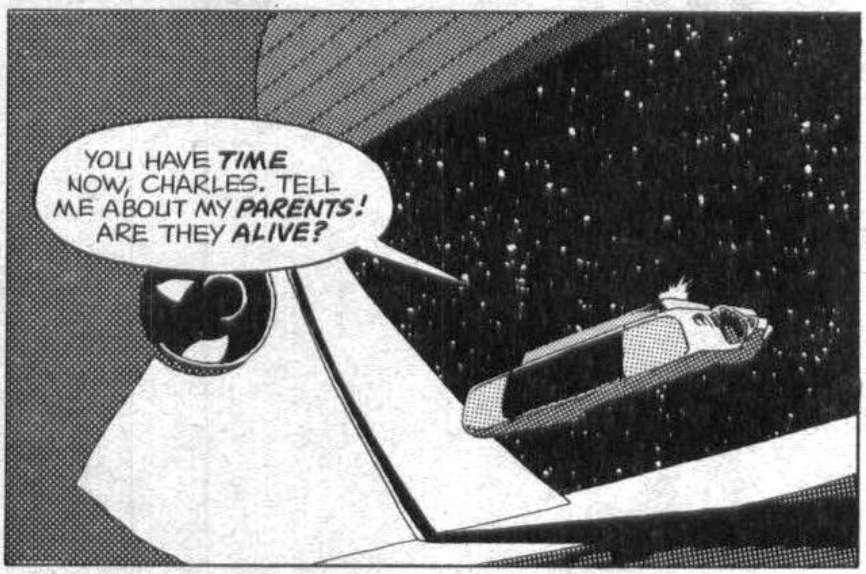
BUT THE COMPLEX OF MACHINE AND MAN, METALS, RELAYS AND SENSORS QUICKLY RIGHTED ITSELF. J-1001011/ CHARLES RETURNED TO THE ATTACK!

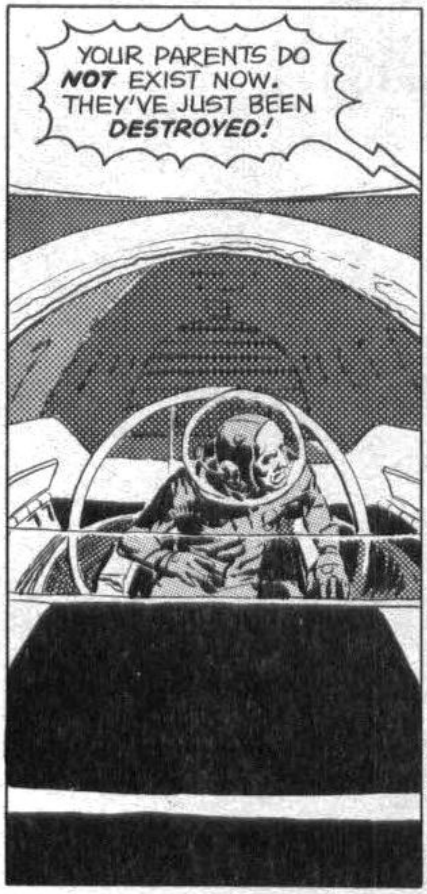

NOW A DESTRUCTION MACHINE! A SUPER EFFICIENT KILLER! FRUSTRATION AND HATRED SPILLED OUT OF HIM AS PYROBOMBS--WITH AN INTENSITY SO FIERY AND PURE THAT--THAT IT WAS LOVE!


TOO SOON THE CLIMAX! TOO SOON THE BATTLE WAS OVER, THE FIERY LOVEMAKING WAS DONE. J-1001011 NOTED DIMLY IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND (OR MAYBE IN ONE OF CHARLES'S SYNAPSE PATTERNS) THAT THREE FLIERS WERE LOST. IT HELD NO INTEREST FOR HIM...

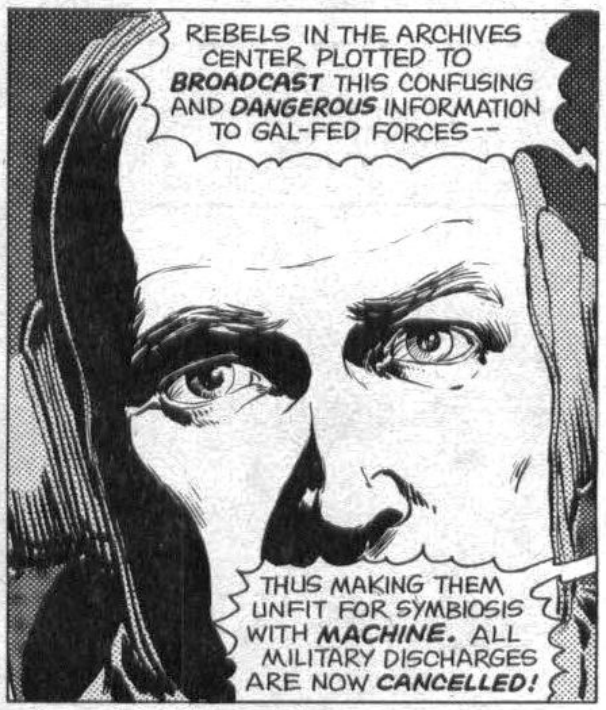


SOMETHING CLICKED INSIDE HIS BODY. HE MOVED IN ACTION DULLY, UNCARING. HE BECAME J-1001011 AGAIN. THE BATTLE, A DREAM, FADING.



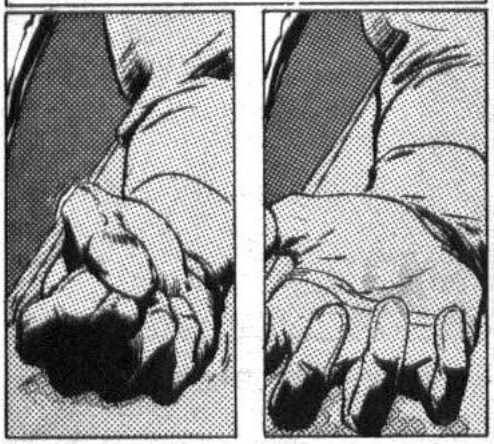


AS YOU KNOW, THOSE WHO SERVE IN GAL-FED FORCES HAVE THEIR PERSONAL MEMORY DATA STORED IN THE MEMORY BANKS OF RHINSTRUCK, TO BE RETURNED TO THEM WHEN THEIR TOUR OF DUTY ENDS.

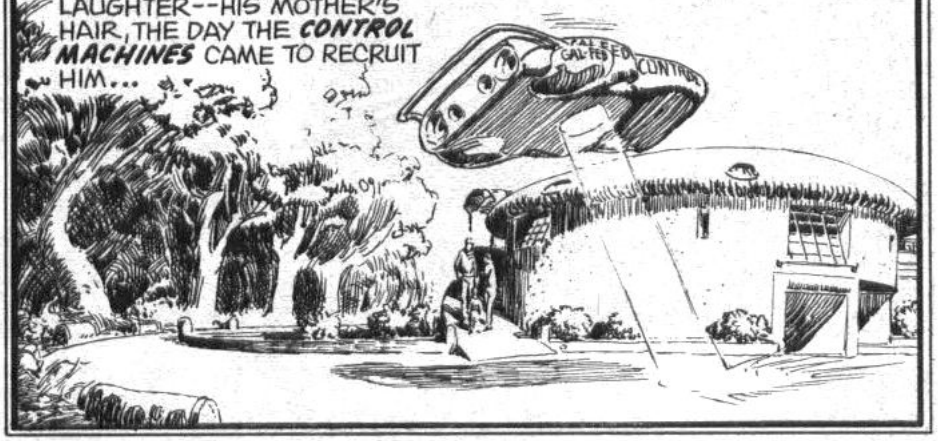

REBELS IN THE ARCHIVES CENTER PLOTTED TO BROADCAST THIS CONFUSING AND DANGEROUS INFORMATION TO GAL-FED FORCES--
THUS MAKING THEM UNFIT FOR SYMBIOSIS WITH MACHINE. ALL MILITARY DISCHARGES ARE NOW CANCELLED!

THIS LIT DIMLY ON J-1001011. HE KNEW THAT THE EFFICIENT MACHINES WOULD NEVER LET HIM GO.

HE FELT, FLEETINGLY, THE MACHINE'S NERVE-IMPLANTS MOVING WITHIN HIM TO ***CONTROL*** SOME EMOTION--ANGER? FEAR? GRIEF? HE WASN'T SURE--JUST ***CURIOUS...***

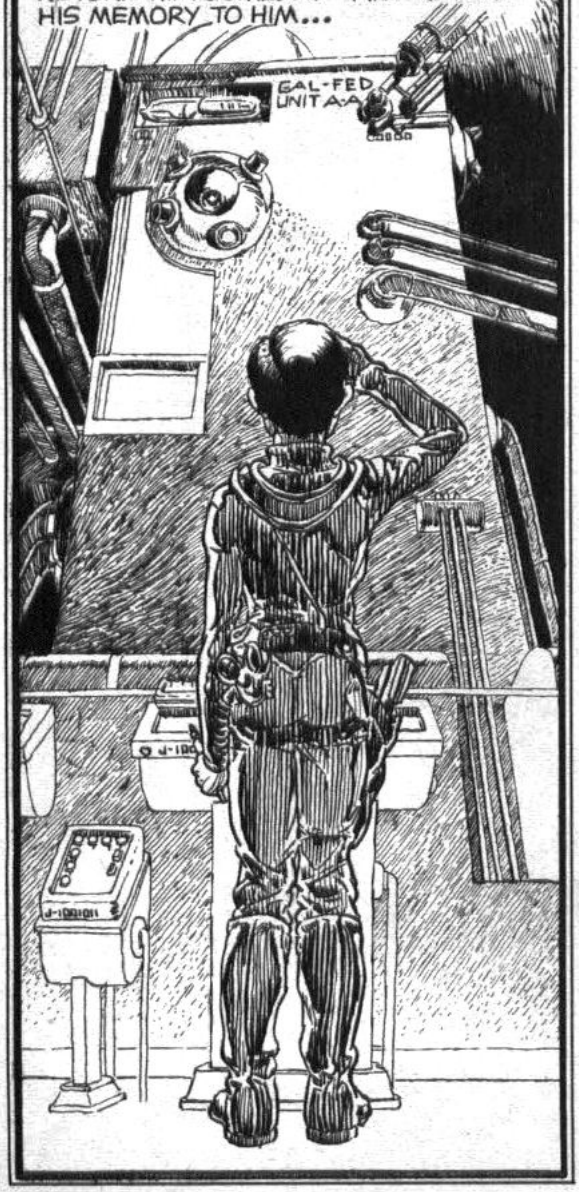


AS THE MACHINES ATE AWAY THE LAST DATA IN HIS MIND, HE RELIVED IT--DARK TREES--A CUSHION--GREEN LEAVES--HIS FATHER'S EARTHQUAKE LAUGHTER--HIS MOTHER'S HAIR, THE DAY THE ***CONTROL MACHINES*** CAME TO RECRUIT HIM...



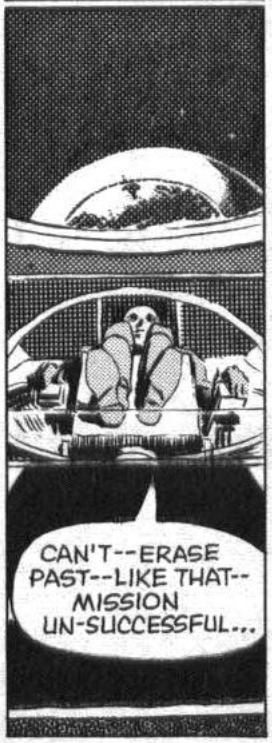
AND TAKE HIM AWAY ON HIS 10th BIRTHDAY...WHEN THEY TOOK AWAY HIS NAME...

AND TRAINED HIM TO FIGHT UNSEEN ***KALLASH***--WERE THERE ANY OF THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?--PROMISING TO RETURN HIM SOMEDAY--AND RETURN HIS MEMORY TO HIM...

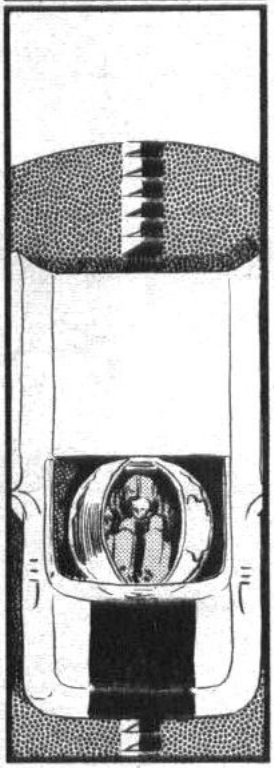


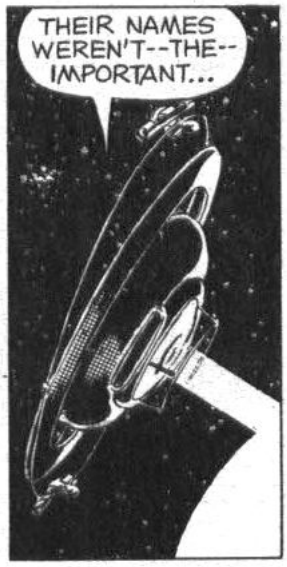
A PROMISE TO BE BROKEN; AS NERVE-IMPLANTS MOVED LIKE GHOSTS INSIDE HIM--SCOURING THE LAST MEMORIES FROM HIM...

CONSCIOUSNESS EBBING, PILOT J-1001011 SPOKE MORE TO HIMSELF THAN TO CHARLES...



HE FELT A YAWN COMING--TRIED TO ***FIGHT*** IT--COULDN'T...





HE DRIFTED INTO SLEEP REMEMBERING THE RAGE, BEAUTY, AND STRENGTH OF FLYING. A STAB OF ANGER ROSE. IMPLANTS SUPPRESSED IT. HE SLEPT--UNTIL HIS NEXT AWAKENING.

THE END

...WHAT IS A RAVEN?... A VULTURE?... AN EVIL AND SEDUCTIVE BLACK BIRD?...
...THE RAVEN...
... PERHAPS ALL OF THESE AND A BIT MORE...
THE RAVEN
...MISS VANESSA RAVEN... THIS IS HER TALE...
...KISS ME SIR...
...WHAT?...
...KISS ME SIR... ...I AM NOT REALLY A RAVEN... I AM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO WAS CHANGED INTO THIS UGLY RAVEN BY A JEALOUS OLD WITCH...
... I ...DON'T BELIEVE IT... ...HOW CAN I BELIEVE YOU?...
...WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?... ... A KISS... IS A SMALL THING... YOU MAY RECEIVE A SURPRISING REWARD...
... I BEG YOU... KISS ME... RELEASE ME FROM THIS HORRIBLE MAGIC SPELL SIR... PLEASE... BESIDES... HAVE YOU EVER HEARD A RAVEN TALK BEFORE... DOESN'T THAT ALONE PROVE I'M BEWITCHED...?
WRITTEN BY JESSICA VOGEL
ILLUSTRATED BY MANUEL
...A KISS IS SMALL ALRIGHT... BUT YOU ARE A WRETCHED AND FILTHY BIRD... ...YOU MAY BE INFECTED WITH RABIES OR SOMETHING...
...YES... IT PROBABLY DOES... ALRIGHT... I'LL KISS YOU...
MANUEL 73

...GOOD... GRIEF...
...I... TOLD YOU... ...NOW... HOW CAN I POSSIBLY REPAY YOU...
...WHY... BY LETTING ME KISS YOU MY DEAR...
EEEAAAMYGODNONOOO!!
...YOU SEE... MY ALTER EGO IS ALSO THAT OF A BIRD... A VAMPIRE BAT...
HA HA HA HA HA
OULUOH... OUUHH!!... WHAT...WHAT'S WRONG... CAN'T BREATHE!
...UNFORTUNATELY... VAMPIRE... YOU WERE RIGHT... MY BLOOD QUICKLY CIRCULATES THROUGH YOUR VEINS... ...YOU WERE RIGHT... ...I... ...DO... HAVE RABIES...
...SO DIE THE RAVEN AND THE BAT... WHO BOTH RATHER FIT OUR OPENING... VULTURES... EVIL SEDUCTIVE BLACK CREATURES... BUT BOTH ;HEH HEH; TO QUOTE THE RAVEN NEVERMORE!

HIDEOUS SCREAMS ASSAULTED THE EARS...THICK, CRIMSON FLUID DRAINED AS IF FROM SOME FESTERING SORE... FOUL AND PUTRID PERFUME RAVAGED THE SENSE OF SMELL... MEN LEFT, TO SEEK A HAPPIER, MORE HALLOWED GROUND...WHILE OTHERS REMAINED AND SOUGHT NAUGHT BUT...
THE TASTE OF CARRION
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MY GRIEF!?
SHE WAS NOT YOUR DAUGHTER!!!
WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED PABLO MARCOS
THE DEMON IS DEAD!!! YOUR OTHER CHILDREN WILL BE SPARED THAT TERRIBLE FATE!!!
IT IS NO CONSOLATION!! MY MIND ONLY CRIES THE NAME OF ONE CHILD..
GRETA!! GRETA!!!

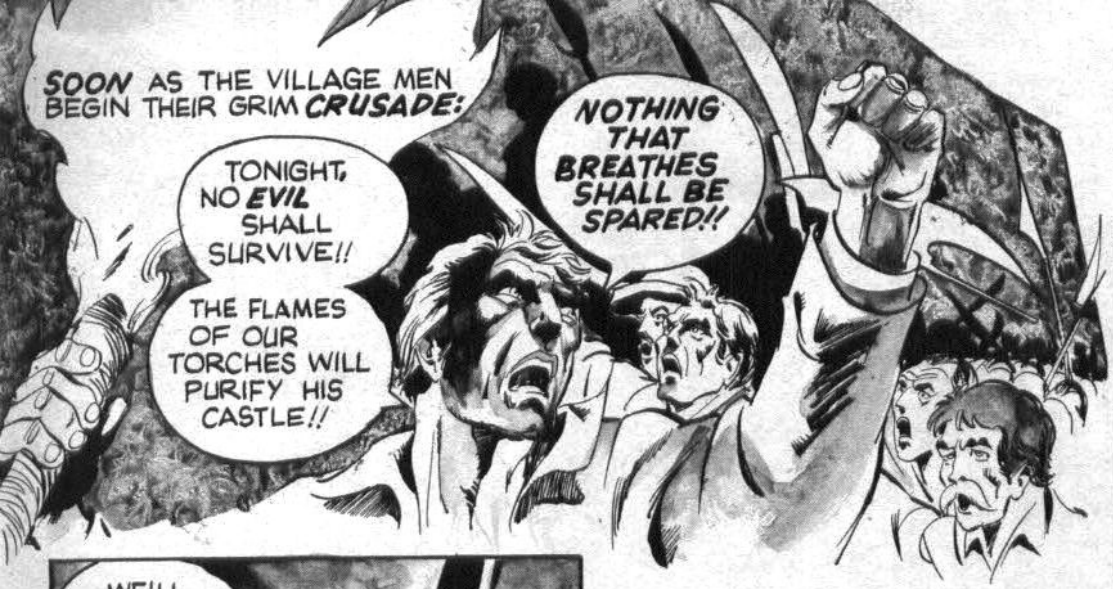
COME, LET US HURRY! THE NIGHT'S WORK IS FINISHED... LET'S NOT CAUSE WIVES NEEDLESS WORRY..
... LET THEM SEE US WITH THE REST!
IT IS A FEAST WE MUST HAVE!!! WE MUST FILL THE SQUARE WITH MUSIC AND LAUGHTER!!!
THE CURSE IS DEAD... WE MUST SING AND BE MERRY ONCE AGAIN!!!
YOU GO AHEAD WITH THE REST!
BUT.?!
NEVERMIND JUST GO WITH THEM! I WANT TO BE ALONE FOR AWHILE!
I WILL JOIN YOU IN THE VILLAGE THIS EVENING!!
HOW EASILY THEY FORGET THE HORRORS!!!... AS IF THOSE BLOOD DRENCHED YOUTHS... THE MURDERED CHILDREN OF OUR VILLAGE, NEVER EXISTED!!!
ONE WOULD THINK THEY WERE JUST SO MANY SWINE BROUGHT TO THE BLOCK!!!
FOR SOME, HIS DEATH WAS A REPRIEVE FOR THEIR CHILDREN... FOR OTHERS... A MEAL!!!
HIS BODY... BLOATED WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENCE... A FEAST FOR THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK!!!
A LONE FIGURE STILL SHROUDED BY A TORMENTED MIND, MEETS THE JOYOUS, MUSICAL MIRTH OF A VILLAGE THAT TOO EASILY FORGETS!!!
HOW SHALLOW ARE EMOTIONS!!!
BEFORE THE DEAD ARE COLD IN THE GROUND, THE AIR IS HEATED WITH HAPPINESS, AND THE SLURRED SONGS OF JOY ARE BELCHED FROM DRUNKEN LIPS!!!

SOON, THE SOLEMN TATTOO OF LEATHER HEELS ON COBBLE-STONED ROADWAYS SUCCUMB TO PROPHETIC WORDS OF DEMONIC ORIGIN...
WHAT HAS HAPPENED??! MY GOD...NOT ANOTHER...OH, HAVE MERCY ON YOUR POOR CHILDREN!!!
HUNNH??!!

HOW CAN THIS BE??!! THE MONSTER IS DEAD!!!
WHAT COULD MUTILATE MY SON, SO HORRIBLY??!!
HE IS DEAD!! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN OTHERS OF HIS KIND!!!

The ALL-VAMPIRE and ALL-GHOUL issues are coming . . . miss em' not . . .

LONG, TOO LONG, HAVE MOTHERS, WIVES, AND CHILDREN CRIED...
...TOO LONG HAVE WE COWERED BEHIND SHUTTERED WINDOWS IN FEAR!!!
WE HAVE SLAIN ONE PARASITE THIS MORN... IF WE MUST, WE'LL MARCH TO THE GATES OF HELL TO EXACT A JUST REVENGE FOR THIS NIGHT'S UNEXPECTED HORROR!!!
LET US PREPARE!!!


SOON AS THE VILLAGE MEN BEGIN THEIR GRIM CRUSADE:
TONIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL SURVIVE!!
THE FLAMES OF OUR TORCHES WILL PURIFY HIS CASTLE!!
NOTHING THAT BREATHES SHALL BE SPARED!!

BEYOND THE BRONZE-SCROLLED DOOR, LIES A MYRIAD SENSATIONS! THE SWEET SCENT OF DECAYING MEAT... THE BUZZING OF TINY, FLUTTERING WINGS... AND, THE FEELING THAT SOME UNNAMABLE HORROR LURKS, AND WATCHES FROM THE **SHADOWS, CHILLS THE BLOOD OF EACH MAN!!**

NEVER SEEN SO MANY FLIES IN MY LIFE...
...THERE MUST BE A MILLION OF THEM!!
NEVER SEEN ANY FLIES SO BIG...
OR HUNGRY!!
THEY'RE SURE TO MAKE QUICK WORK OF HIS BODY!!

AS THE LIGHT OF A FLICKERING TORCH PASSES OVER A DANK GRANITE WALL
MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF THEM!! THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE!!
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY ARE WATCHING US!!!
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR MY NERVES...
... LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE
WE'LL WAIT FOR THE OTHERS OUTSIDE!!
MY GGODDD!!
AAAAAAIIEEEEEEEE!

AS CRIMSON FLUID DRIPS IN STEADY STREAMS FROM THE TINY PERFORATIONS ON THE NECK...

WHAT HAVE WE FALLEN INTO? MY GOD WHAT.?!!!

IT WASN'T A VAMPIRE...

...IT WAS THOSE...

FLIES!!!

THROUGH A VEIL OF TINY, WINGED BODIES...

WE'RE TOO LATE... GOD HAVE MERCY OF THEM!!! ON US!!!

QUICKLY, OUTSIDE OUTSIDE!

SUDDENLY, IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE MAUSOLEUM...

YYAAIEEE

HELP MEEEEEEEEE!!!

GET THEM OFF MEEEEE!!!

GET THEM OFFFF!!!

AAAAAIEEEEEEEE!

QUICK, TO THE MAIN CHAMBER!!! HURRY!!!

...The END OF ALL VAMPIRES is in the ALL-**VAMPIRE** issue...

HELP ME... PLEASE!! OH GOD... GOD...

AAAGGHHHHH

MY EYES... I'M BLIND!! DON'T LEAVE ME... DON'T LEAVE ME!!!

THE DOOR! MUST REACH IT... GET OUT... SUNLIGHT!!!

AAAAAIEEEEEE!!!

AT THE THRESHOLD OF SAFETY...

NOOOO!

NOOOOO!

TRANSPARENT WINGS BLUR YOUR VISION, WHILE THE MONOTONOUS DRONE CLOGS THE EARS! IN THE FAR CORNERS OF YOUR MIND YOU HEAR THE ***SCREAMS***, THE ***DEATH AGONIES***, OF YOUR ***FRIENDS!!!***

THEIR SCREAMS ARE NO LONGER A CONCERN...
THE LIGHT IS JUST AHEAD!! WHAT FEELINGS OF SAFETY THE BRIGHTNESS OF DAY OFFERS!!!

SUNLIGHT FLOURISHES, WHILE BREATH AND BLOOD FOLLOW LIFE IN AN ENDLESS EBB! LIDLESS EYES ARE DEVOURED IN PITIFUL FASHION, AND BONES, LONG BURIED BENEATH LAYERS OF FLESH, POKE TOWARD THE SKIES... YOU REALIZE THE BLIND FOLLY OF MORTALS, AND THE SAVIOUR OF YOUR TORMENTED BODY... ***DEATH!!!***

THE END

...HOLLYWOOD HAS A LONG HISTORY OF MANY MACABRE *MUMMY* MOVIES... STARTING IN 1932 WITH *UNIVERSAL'S* "*THE MUMMY*", THEN ON TO 1940 AND THE "*MUMMY'S HAND*", 1942 AND "*THE MUMMY'S TOMB*", 1944, AND "*THE MUMMY'S GHOST*" AND "*THE MUMMY'S CURSE*". LATER WITH *HAMMER'S* "*THE MUMMY*" OF 1959, "*THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB*" IN 1964, AND "*THE MUMMY'S SHROUD*" IN 1966...

...BUT IT IS THE *FIRST* THAT IS UNDENIABLY THE *BEST*... *UNIVERSAL'S* 1932 "*THE MUMMY*" STARRING *BORIS KARLOFF* AS *IM-HO-TEP*, "*THE MUMMY*"...

SCREAM SCREEN SCENE: THE MUMMY

...*KARLOFF* PLAYED *IM-HO-TEP*... THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD... THE *MUMMY*... REINCARNATED WHEN A BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGIST READS AN INVOCATION FROM THE SACRED *BOOK OF THOTH*...

...FOR COPYRIGHT REASONS THESE ARE NOT ACTUAL SCENES FROM THE *MUMMY*... HOWEVER THE MOOD AND *CONTEXT* ARE VERY CLOSE TO THE ACTUAL FILM, AND CAPTURE THE WEIRD ATMOSPHERICS OF THE COMING-TO-LIFE SCENES...

...THESE *HIEROGLYPHICS* GRANTHAM... THESE ARE AN *INCANTATION*...

WHAT *FOR?*

...FOR... THE *MUMMY*... HE WAS *EVIL* IN *LIFE* AND WAS BURIED HERE IN THE HOPES THAT WHOEVER DISCOVERED THIS *CRYPT* WOULD BE PERSUADED TO BRING THE MUMMY TO *LIFE* AGAIN...

...AND ON THIS NIGHT IT SHALL THUNDER... AND IT SHALL RAIN TORRENTS OF BLOOD IN THE SKY...

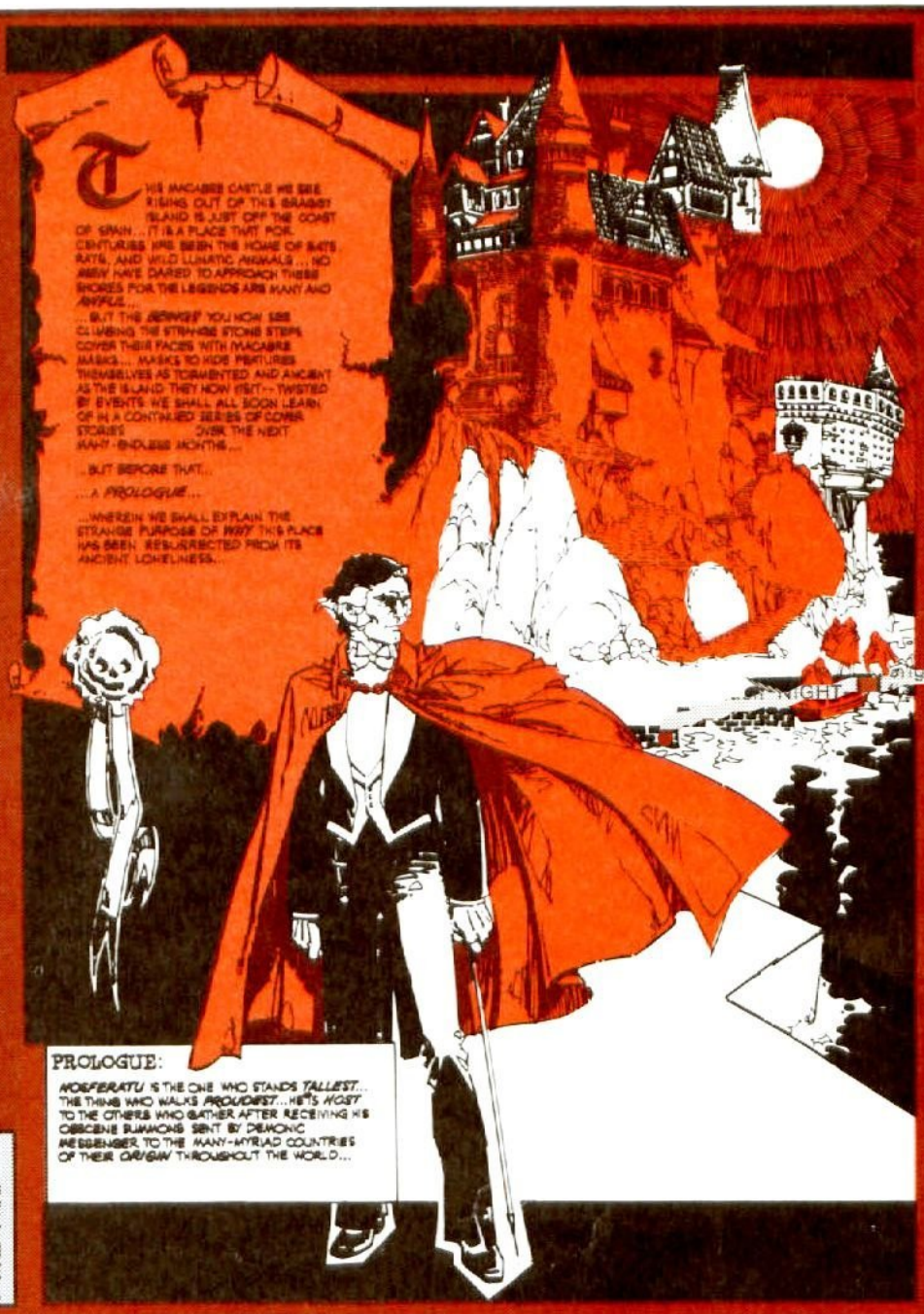
WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*... ARE YOU *MAD?*

...DON'T BE SO *FOOLISH* GRANTHAM... YOU DON'T *BELIEVE* IN THIS... THIS *CURSE* DO YOU? WE ARE *SCIENTISTS*... WE HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO *TRANSLATE* IT...

...AND THE SKY SHALL BE FILLED WITH AWFUL RED LIGHTNING...
...AND THE EARTH SHALL HEAVE AND TWIST ABOUT...
...UGH
...OH LORD...
NO!... THE MUMMY IS... ALIVE!
...AND WHEN THE THING THAT IS RE-BORN IS AGAIN ALIVE...THERE SHALL BE PEACE ON THE EARTH...AND THE SKIES SHALL BE QUIETED...AND THE HEAVENS CALMED...TILL SOME-ONE OR SOME-THING DO STAND IN ITS WAY...THEN AGAIN THERE SHALL BE CHAOS AND THE EARTH WILL THIS TIME BE LAID TO RUIN...

DON'T ASK WHAT ASK WHO?

IS COMING UP NEXT IN THE HORROR MOOD


THIS MACABRE CASTLE WE SEE RISING OUT OF THIS GRUESOME ISLAND IS JUST OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN... IT IS A PLACE THAT FOR CENTURIES HAS BEEN THE HOME OF BATS, RATS, AND WILD LUNATIC ANIMALS... NO MEN HAVE DARED TO APPROACH THESE SHORES FOR THE LEGENDS ARE MANY AND AWFUL...
...BUT THE MEN YOU NOW SEE CLIMBING THE STRANGE STONE STEPS, COVER THEIR FACES WITH MACABRE MASKS... MASKS TO HIDE FEATURES THEMSELVES AS TORMENTED AND ANCIENT AS THE ISLAND THEY NOW VISIT -- TWISTED BY EVENTS WE SHALL ALL SOON LEARN OF IN A CONTINUED SERIES OF COMIC STORIES OVER THE NEXT MANY ENDLESS MONTHS...
...BUT BEFORE THAT...
...A PROLOGUE...
...WHEREIN WE SHALL EXPLAIN THE STRANGE PURPOSE OF WHY THIS PLACE HAS BEEN RESURRECTED FROM ITS ANCIENT LONELINESS...
PROLOGUE:
NOSFERATU IS THE ONE WHO STANDS TALLEST... THE THING WHO WALKS PROUDEST... HE'S MOST TO THE OTHERS WHO GATHER AFTER RECEIVING HIS OBSCENE SUMMONS SENT BY DEMONIC MESSENGER TO THE MANY-MYRIAD COUNTRIES OF THEIR ORIGIN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD...

NOSFERATU

. . . calls together 12 THINGS from all parts of the world to tell their AWFUL TALES of WEIRD HORROR . . . a special 12-chapter series you'll want to COLLECT and CHERISH because they're MASTERPIECES OF THE MACABRE . . . starting in SCREAM #1 . . .

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

. . . by Archaic Al Hewetson and Macabre Maelo Cintron . . . the most original horror characters in the tradition of Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN, Stoker's DRACULA and Lovecraft's SHOGGOTHS . . . featured in each NIGHTMARE . . .

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. . . by Grotesque Gaston Leroux . . . the original classic tale of 1908 adapted for the first time in the SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD, in a 2-chapter HORROR-BLOCKBUSTER . . .

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. . . the 2-part tale of the WEIRDEST dynamic duo in the history of illustrated horror . . . doomed to die at birth by an obscene CURSE not of their own doing . . . THIS is their TALE OF TORMENT . . .

. . . WHAT IS A SCREAM? . . .
. . . to answer that question we need WORDS, and PICTURES . . . and answer it we DO in the 3rd SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE doomed to hit the newsstands on JUNE 25 . . . a SCREAM will well up within you when you see it . . . for it DOES teach you exactly HOW-TO-SCREAM . . .
. . . are you CONTENT with your present inability to scream PROPERLY . . . are you CONTENT just to CHOKE A BIT? SCREAM will teach you how to dig down DEEP into your LUNGS and let out a full-bodied SCREAM that'll SHATTER the EAR-DRUMS of everybody around you . . . miss SCREAM not . . . and miss not its special feature: 'LET US TEACH YOU HOW TO SCREAM' . . .
...YOUNG ANTHONY WAS TAUGHT THE WAYS OF THE CULT, AND THE WAYS OF WITCHCRAFT, THE OCCULT AND DEMONOLOGY BY AN OLD WOMAN... MARIA SANTA...WHO TAUGHT HIM WELL THE BLACK HISTORY AND PRACTICES OF THIS BLACK RELIGION...
...WHEN THE FLAMES LEAPED AT DRACULA'S THROAT HE DID NOT WAKE... WHEN THE FIRE ATE UP HIS LEGS HE DID NOT MOVE... WHEN HIS SOUL WAS BURNED DRACULA DID NOT FLINCH...
...DRACULA CANNOT DIE BY FIRE... DRACULA IS IMMORTAL...
...BUT...
ANTHONY CAPELLI ...HE SCREAMED HIS LUNGS OUT!